

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JUNE 18, 1979

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**THE POWERS THAT BE:  
Joe Clark &  
The West**



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JUNE 18, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 25



## Gadfly of Cap Rouge

Although M's has considerable influence in the world of letters, publisher Roger Lortie has done as much for Quebec writers as for the rest of the country. He loves to read.

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## A love match

As Maclean's latest move, Players is at least the latest, world but unfortunately the 40-year-old star was the only one on the list who couldn't play the game.

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## COVER STORY

### The Western powers

The restoration of a Western Conservative in Canada's prime minister brought quiet celebration to Western Canada last week as they realized they could now entertain the possibility of continuing their financial muscle with political power where it counts — in Parliament Hill — for the first time in 16 years. Stud works and correspondents here across the realm contributed to our cover story on Joe Clark's West.

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## Homes sweet homes

As Trudeau bemoaned off in his car, Joe Clark was left with two headaches: a strike in British Columbia and the fury of concerned Jerusalem.

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## The indelible journey

When Page John Paul returned home, he went as a diplomat. Although the name stirred hot feelings, he did find his first love.

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# Roger Lemelin: the Cap Rouge gadfly

**PORTRAIT**


By David Thomas

Roger Lemelin is the bite note of Quebec's intellectual elite. His lair is Toronto, but Quebec is becoming a new Iran on the city's high-pitched bank towers to quiver last month like timorous teeing birds in the coarse grip of a disco drummer. Back home, the true believers gazed at Roger Lemelin's asperity and waited in unison against the night. Within hours, *The Montreal Star* gazed on the surge of impassioned epistles to La Presse, the *Magasin* daily that Quebec publishes flamboyantly. His Toronto speech to fellow newspaper bosses struck a vital nerve—the same nerve Lemelin had nuzzled and tortured 24 years before in *The Plouffe Family*, the tragicomic novel which established his reputation as Quebec's most ferociously brutal critic, and the writer closest to its tormented soul.

It was one month after turning 60 that Lemelin stood before the assembled and approving media transients and accused the Parti Québécois government of poisoning the people of Quebec "slowly with little doses of separatist and socialist arsenic." Instantly, Lemelin was declared an enemy by several independentists and, like an addendum of dollars, was publicly stoned by invective for his hubbubous. His

own paper carried letters decrying his "degradation of his people before persons of another culture."

It is a reproach Lemelin must have recognized, for he made it himself in 1948 against *The Plouffe Family* character Denis Boucher "Why was Denis trying to ridicule the Plouffes before strangers, to present them as comical?" the novelist wonders after Denis had invited an American into the intimacy of the Plouffes' humble latches.

The most obvious explanation, for both Denis Boucher and his creator, Roger Lemelin, is their exhibitionism, their craving for attention, plus their unaccustomed delight in basting what Lemelin calls the live present—the right thinkers of the moment. The right thinkers of Lemelin's youth were the curia and cardinals of the old Catholic Quebec. Now, they are the new clergy of independence whose sermons, according to Lemelin, is no better than the other.

Hereby has been laid to Roger Lemelin, issue of the latest poverty of Quebec City's St. Saviour neighborhood, the publisher's checkbook from the usual seizures of his offhanded domain—a landlord's fantasy composed by its owner to Flaubert's Sicilian retreat. In summer, Lemelin commutes by air between his Montreal publisher's office and the Cap Rouge home, just upstream from Que-

bec City, with its manicured gardens, two swimming pools and a conservatory's wise interior guarded by an ornamental door and contrabassoon look.

Upstairs in his writer's loft, Lemelin milks into a patron's armchair of maple green leather, basked in the melée light reflecting from his eclectic assemblage of paintings, and then escapes it all with the tale of how he came to own the most inspiring view in Quebec. It was in 1948, still partly crippled from the shrapnel accident that dashed his dreams of Olympic fame, that Lemelin and his sweetheart, Valérie, would come here, pushing through the bushes and raspberry cones, to perch on the promontory where the young author would read aloud the progressing manuscript of his first novel, *Les Pieds de la Peste Noire*. One day their life's life was interrupted by the landowner who waved them off. Humiliated, the neophyte novelist demanded to buy the property, and the owner, explaining the young man's priceful challenge, agreed to sell the 1,000 feet of useless clifftop for a gouger's sum: \$400. "I begged a loan from the Caisse Populaire. I said I'd teach English to pay it back. The manager translated our I didn't speak English, but I said that was no problem



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"I'd learn it," Bo Lemelin, before his first book was published, was in debt, hounded by payments of \$2 a week for the property he now displays with his carefree, apologetic ostentation. He knows that for many of his critics, the biggest sin of this ambitious Lower Town lad is his success.

Lemelin justifies his Toronto speech by saying it was not meant to be a rigorous analysis. "It's a political pamphlet, with words that go 'Pow! Pow! Pow!' It's obvious that the reality is not quite like that." But under their bark of hyperbole, Lemelin's political assertions contain deliciously crumbly kernels of truth. Sample these Lemelin morsels:

■ **Claude Morin**, *rq* intergovernmental affairs minister: "He's so sure separate that my ass I know Claude very well—he's a frustrated fascist who wanted power."

■ **René Lévesque**: "He's an ingrate, he doesn't see beyond the smile of his nose. He has a problem of physical nose and the problem of New Québec where he was lulled by *les Anglos*. Lévesque is *Tri-Pol*—the poor French Canadian looking better. He plays the role magnificently."

Understandably, "no one has ever asked me to go into politics." Through a trace of usefulness eludes the statement, the publisher and former event jockey ("I saved the tradition of erots and death in Québec") too much as an iconoclast to suffer politics. Or for politics to suffer him.

Anyway, Roger Lemelin did at least as much in awakening and defining Quebec's self-awareness as the politicians he so loves to bait. Lemelin's *Plouffe Family* bonanza, in 1953, a weekly television series never equalled in its appeal nor in its English version, its capacity to open to English Canada a sympathetic window into French Quebec. Every Wednesday night at 9:30 French Canada crowded the hushed living-room sanctuaries of its first TV to see itself reflected back in the unforgettable images of Thérèse, Mariee, Plouffe, Ovide, Napoléon, Guillaume, Ovide and Rita Toulouse. It was a self-reflection denied English Canada. Remembers Lemelin: "Quebec had to create its own television with a small group of people and they did sensational things. English Canadians didn't have to push themselves to make their own television. They just dipped into the reservoir of the United States."

The *Plouffes*—and the still-passive Quebec they portrayed—died with the 1959 strike by Radio Canada producers who turned René Lévesque from journalist to limberback politician.



Lemelin delivering his 'fun speech' hyperbole that gives power to the night

Radio-Canada, in fact, resurrected an art of cultural vandalism akin to the destruction of Montreal's disaffected churches, it destroyed all but a few suspects of *The Plouffe Family* tapes, a precious part of the country's patrimony crissed because it took up too much money. In an act of ignorance, Radio-Canada is looking a \$4-million feature-film version of *The Plouffe Family* which director Gilles Carle is to begin shooting next winter. Lemelin is collaborating on the screenplay, and making some notable changes. "In revising the book after 35 years I discovered missing elements. *Plouffe*, for example, acts in a way not completely explained in the book. I didn't know it at the time but it's obviously because he had a mistress, so in the film he'll have a mistress."

That's Roger Lemelin, surrealist even with his own creations. The *Plouffe Family*, for all the book's old-fashioned absence of adultery, remains eerily pertinent. "The fundamental phenomenon is still there—Bernie Boucher, torn between his national and his universal conception of liberty." Baring Quebec's inner beating before the world in Lemelin's prime and triumph. To his critics' fury, he now appears at peace with the past, smiling graciously as he perches on his big *Boque* promenade to read with his wife of 35 years, Valérie. ☐

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## Frontlines

CLOSEUP



## Detroit: the born- again city

By Ken Barker

**T**he black teen-ager entered the lobby of the Detroit Plaza Hotel. He was about 14 or 15, nearly six feet tall, in black chino pants, a white T-shirt, black high-top sneakers. It was 11 a.m., a school day. The boy entered the lobby and headed for one of the office towers of the Renaissance Center.

His progress was observed by a heavy-set black man in a brown blazer. He had a gold identification badge pinned to his chest and a walkie-talkie in his hand. He saw something into his walkie-talkie and fell in step some 20 yards behind the boy.

A white policeman in a blue uniform, short, blue pants and white shirt, helmet broke off his conversation with a pretty black receptionist at the Jefferson Street information desk. He, too, eyed the teen-ager.

By now, the boy was standing outside a jewelry store. He stared inside, leaning across the display case of bracelets, necklaces, rings and watches. But the window also reflected the busy scene behind him—shoppers, office workers and tourists, plus a stationary black man in a brown blazer and a white man in a blue uniform. The boy is the white T-shirt turned sharply to his right and disappeared through the Jefferson Street exit. The security man returned to his post in the Plaza lobby, the cop resumed his conversation with the receptionist.



Mayor Young and Detroit's unofficial "black, white and blue" city is healing

Ever since Henry Ford turned Detroit into an industrial base it has been a troubled city. Black, white and Negroes, Catholics and cops. Race, racism and brutality. In the 1930s, workers in the auto plants saw the Detroit police force as the industry's private goose squad, attack—and Hy-White—strike-breakers. In 1943, a race

riot left 34 dead and 709 injured, most of them blacks. In 1967, a police raid on a "blind pig," local jargon for an after-hours nightclub, touched off the bloodiest race riot in modern U.S. history. 43 dead and 2,000 injured, again mostly blacks. Three of the dead were gunned down by police in a notorious raid on the run-down Algiers Motel, where 10 black men and two white women were booked in for the night. None of the cops was ever convicted of murder. Whites left the city came in embittered blacks and purged men in blue. The others stayed.

Now, a dozen years after the riot, when many outsiders assume the city died a long time ago and that aimless poverty among the ruins, Detroit is coming back, possibly moving up for the first time. There are the visible signs: the Renaissance Center, christened in hope and opened with crossed-fingers two years ago, that has lured suburbanites and tourists back to Detroit, a gleaming testament to private enterprise's (Henry Ford II's) devotion to the city; the new, 10,000-seat Joe Louis Arena, scheduled for completion next year, to keep the Red Wings hockey club in the city; the current renovation of Tiger Stadium; the transformation of the two major downtown shopping streets, Washington and Woodward, into pedestrian malls. Everywhere you look, streets are being torn up, buildings built and renovated. "People understand bricks and mortar," says Mayor Coleman Young, "and that's what we're giving them."

People also understand a need of approval from others. That's what the Republican Party gave Detroit last January when it chose the city for its 1980 presidential convention. Now the Democrats are considering Detroit for the same reason, a decision, with New York and Dallas the main rivals, which should come by the end of this month.

Though Detroit civic elections are nonpartisan and though Mayor Young is a lifelong Democrat, he knows what the Republicans' selection of Detroit means to his city and other urban centers: "It's an admission that they can't just kiss off the black vote, the ethnic," he says. "And, if the Democrats come here too. Well, there couldn't be a better situation than everybody fighting over us."

Young understands both people and politics. When he took office in 1976, the city's first black mayor, he understood

says a longtime associate, "is that Coleman could wheel and deal with the best of them. That he wasn't some flaming black radical, that he was a realist and a pragmatist. But what makes people uneasy is that he doesn't fit any stereotype. The fact that he can sit down comfortably with Henry Ford and talk business bothers some black people, and the fact that he can joke with the black folk bothers some white people."

As a mayoral candidate, Young made two primary pledges. To the whites he vowed he would run a "50-50" adminis-

tration accepted a bribe from a gambler who wanted to start a juke joint operation in the city. "It was ridiculous," says Young's former press secretary, Robert Pauer. "The mayor wouldn't take a bribe for that. He loves to gamble. The problem is—it's illegal in Michigan."

And there are those in the white community and among the white press corps who have enjoyed ridiculing Young, attempted to deflate his stature by focusing on his lack of sophistication. "I know few men smarter than Coleman Young," says Pauer, "and few men who have read more. But Coleman occasionally mispronounces big words. He grew up reading them and knew what they meant, but never heard them spoken in his environment." If mispronouncing five-dollar words is all the white community has to pin on Young these days, he has done a remarkable job. And if seeing people in the street after dark, seeing both whites and blacks downtown to enjoy the restaurants and sporting and cultural events, is any barometer, he has worked a miracle.

"A couple of years ago," says Young, "there were stories in the papers that you could shoot a cannon off in downtown Detroit after dark and no one would hear it. And they were true. Now, they're complaining there's not enough parking." He can't hold in a chuckle. "Parking! Can you imagine that?"

The burning point he Detroit didn't arrive with the election of Coleman Young in 1976 or his re-election in 1978. It wasn't the erection of the Renaissance Center or the building of the new arena, either. For city officials and ordinary citizens, recent history is recorded in the streets of Coleman Young in 1976 or his re-election in 1978. It wasn't the erection of the Renaissance Center or the building of the new arena, either. For city officials and ordinary citizens, recent history is recorded in the streets of Coleman Young in 1976 or his re-election in 1978.

At that time Detroit was known as Harder City. The gangs controlled the streets, keeping the black community at bay and the white community indoors. Most cops were white, most of the corpses black. By the summer of '76, Young had made a slight dent in the police department, but it retained most of its white hierarchy and its white—and brutalizing—image. Young wanted to change that. He met resistance at every turn. Then came Cobo.

That night, after a rock concert, gangs of black teen-agers went berserk in the hall. People were beaten up and robbed. Purses were



that his first task was to ally racial scientists and build the collective self-image of Detroiters. People, black and white, were ashamed and afraid of their city.

When Young became mayor he was a hero in the black community and an enemy among whites. Born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1928, he had moved to Detroit when he was five. He grew up in a ghetto, just east of downtown. He attended public and Catholic elementary schools and graduated from high school. As a young man, he was a socialist-scientist, deeply committed to the labor and civil rights movements. That immediately got him into trouble with the white power structure, as did his participation in a demonstration against a segregated officers' club at Fort Cass, Kentucky, during World War II.

The late '40s and '50s, the Cold War and Joseph McCarthy, were bad times for a socialist. Young spent them working in a hardware, driving a taxi, carrying sides of beef as a butcher's assistant. In 1960, he was a seat as a delegate to Michigan's Constitutional Convention. Four years after that, he became the first black to serve on the Democratic National Committee and three years later won as the Michigan state senate.

"What people found out,"

tration—wherever possible, half the city government would be white and half black. To blacks he promised to reform the police department. "It's been tough, but I think I've finally begun to gain the confidence of the white community," he's saying now. "When I said 50-50, the white community was sure I meant 50-5. But I've stuck to it."

There are those in the white community still convinced that Young is a black gangster. Rumors have always abounded that he was involved in the city's drug traffic, on the take to anyone with the budget of such who step by city hall. Young was once accused of

The site for a new prohibition mall (clockwise) and Police Chief Hart. Murder City no more



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### Frontlines

snatched. One woman was gang-raped. The police stationed at the hall did nothing. They folded their arms and watched. They'd show the mayor who was running the city.

But the ugliness of the episode turned the city against its police. It gave Young the fire he had been needed for reform. He fired the police chief and replaced him with a black street cop, William Hart, and a white deputy, James Bazzon, PhD. Fifty-fifty.

Now, almost three years later, the police youth bureau established after Cobo has put a lid on the gangs. Fifty-two police mini-stations have made the cops more a part of the community. Of 5,400 cops, 30 per cent are black, 10 per cent women. Crime is down 30 per cent.

"Once a perception is imbedded," says Young. "It's hard to dislodge it. Once we had the image of Murder City, with the television but mass always being out of Detroit. It's been hard to dislodge that. Now, maybe, we've turned it around. Our citizens see it, and after the conventions, the rest of the country will. Of course, it's still fragile. We're a long way from solving our problems."

Says Deputy Chief Bazzon: "When we hosted the World Rugby Conference in '74 we had heads of state, foreign ministers and a fair share of millionaires. We had information that some of our guests were on the SLA 'hit list.' But the only incident we had was a drunk macho man rolled when he went looking for hookers in a place he shouldn't have been."

Coleman Young steps out of his 11-monther and enters an elementary school on the city's west side. The children are almost all black. They simply glow when Young enters the auditorium for the school's career day.

He tells them of his own checkered career. He tells them "the fight against discrimination is not over." He tells them that his being mayor was a significant accomplishment for their people. But he urges them to "look beyond that, go farther, maybe to governor or senator. And maybe, someday, if this country lives up to what it's supposed to be, maybe somebody in this room will grow up to be president."

Young, the community politician, talks for five minutes while giving the kids the impression he was there the whole day. He returns to his town with his security men, police officers Victor Friday, a black man, and Joe Pittman, a white man. Fifty-fifty. Black and white and blue. ♦

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## Frontlines

# Montreal moxie in tidy, tepid Toronto

"The Toronto bar scene is still drab," says Derek Johnson, manager of Montreal's St. Winston Churchill Pub. "If you make noise, they throw you out." Montrealers have traditionally rated Toronto night life at four zeroes in their mental gradebook. "Is there something wrong with Torontonians' bodies?" inquires film editor Anne Henderson, visiting from Montreal. "Why are they so stiff all the time?" Bad estate agent John Sibbald is likewise disappointed. "The Toronto side of a five evening in to rock out at the crack of dusk and join a line."

Of course, Montrealers, long spoiled by such diversions as hanging out in snazzy bistros (illegals) or pushing champagne cocktails out of women's shoes, have never taken the problem seriously. But over the past 18 years the great trek of Québécois to Ontario (380,000 altogether, 47,342 in 1977-78 alone), has brought a whole community of former Montrealers up against the terrible reality of Toronto: the "Euzaghi," a city where, regardless of women, the nights are always a short. "It's true that, unlike Montreal, you can't just stroll down to the corner grocery and buy a bottle of wine," says Toronto actress Margaret Dwyer. "But then, milk is so much better for you."

Yet the rules may not be condensed, after all, to ending their careers in 36-hour diary bans, getting swept over Leonard Cohen records on the jukebox,

passing around dog-eared photographs of St. Catherine Street by night and overlooking on skyline. After the total wave of refugees has come the first ripple of a new Toronto entertainment industry, catering especially to unaccompanied ex-Montrealers.

Last April 23, Gene Placide, a former manager at CTV in Montreal and now a Toronto entrepreneur, threw the "First Annual Montrealers' Banquet" and disco bash, attracting 600 emigrants. This success, he plans another modest splash by selling the paddle-wheeler Mariposa Belle, 200 all-Montrealers, three bartenders and 200 pounds of cold cuts, cheese and assorted goodies on Lake Ontario for a little afternoon recreation. "The consensus is it was an establishment still runs everything," says Placide, echoing the old Montreal refrain. "They don't care. They don't hang out on Yonge Street—or anywhere else, for that matter."

A couple of high rollers are plunging into the scene despite the odds. Johnson, convinced that the cities can never know happiness until their fellow Montrealers arrive to permanently minister to them, has plans for a Winston Churchill west. "We know how to make them feel so that they want to order bottles of champagne and possibly go bananas." Next month marks the debut of the Montreal Restaurant/Bistro in Toronto's downtown east. The house hopes to lure not only expatriate Montrealers but also Torontonians with a

Montreal, 2 is in (left) in full swing, Toronto, 1 is in: sorry folks, last call

long-suppressed craving for the sweet life. "We're not opening a Montreal restaurant," says owner David Bowen. "There won't be any of those cutesy autographed pictures on the wall, you know—'Great food, hope to meet you again'—signed Guy Lafleur and Jean YVES."

The 200 capacity, \$200,000 bistro is intended to recreate the ambience of Old Montreal's exclusive Night Magic bar, where there is no such artifice as a chair, and the beautiful patrons recline cross-legged like Old Indians, preening an array of barely restrained voluptuousness. "A little decadence," promises Bowen, "that's what we're going to bring Toronto. The Montreal atmosphere, a place designed for a feeling of intimacy, like a Montreal bar where people rub up against each other."

A noble ambition, but will it work? Will Torontonians witness the creation of a new, hybrid species—the Torontomontreuil combining the WASP-work ethic, productive but self-indulgent, with the Québécois glamour, privilege, pragmatically vicious yet inviolable in dividing what kind of shoe goes best with a dry white wine?

"No way," says Bill Kingston, general manager of the Twelve 34, Montreal's largest disco. "The problem is the Ontario liquor laws. They're archaic. How can you have a good time when you have this terrible pressure hanging over you, knowing you're going to be sent home at one o'clock?"

"Certainly it can be done," vows Bowen. "It's not the place that people are in, it's the feeling of the people in the place. When we answer the phone, we're only going to say one word—'Montreal'."

Gargos, another tumbler of Ontario champagne. Fred Rhaze

# The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfischmidt Vodka is here.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver bullet with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka, Wolfischmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfischmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



## Wolfischmidt Genuine Vodka

There's a very special way to see Miami. The way the Natives see it, on top of a bike. And because we do so much bike riding down here we made the going easier by paving 56 miles of paths from Key Biscayne to Geyersolds Park to Coconut Grove and all the way down to Homestead. For the small price of a rental you can wheel along all day and make stops for picnics, for swimming, for zoes. For beautiful tropical gardens and exciting tropical jungles. If you really want to see Miami, see it our way.

[illegible]

Arts presented him with its prestigious annual performing fellowship award. Among the fans who rushed up to him was actor Tony Curtis, who played Houdini on film. "How you inspired me," he rhapsodized. Mandrake was pleased. In fact, nothing pleases him more than to feel he is inspiring, that he is whipping out some key to the universe, whether it's from under his red and black cape or from the pocket of his three-piece polyester suit. **Eric Rothery**

# A successful investor talks about Rabbit futures.



Mr. Roger Dowler, Broker, St. Catharines, Ontario

The advice that "need to buying a house, an automobile is your most important purchase" has never been more true.

Today, the cost of gas, upkeep, and outlay for a car in the first place, means your automobile must be considered a major investment. An investment considered at length before you make it. So, consider a Volkswagen Rabbit and do so with the aid of a gentleman who knows about financial matters. Mr. Roger Dowler, broker, and VW Rabbit owner since February, 1976.

**VW: Mr. Dowler, has your VW Rabbit proved to be a good investment?**  
Dowler: If an automobile is considered to be an investment, the Rabbit has got to be one of the better ones. I've had mine for over three years and over

36,000 miles. There's not a spot of rust on it and the metal is as sturdy as the day I bought it. If it's as good at the end of the next three years, I'm going to be a most happy man. I'm also favourably impressed with the engineering of the Rabbit.

**Mr. Dowler, I've just heard that about. There's least wheel drive for remarkable traction, rack and pinion steering so you feel the road, and a four wheel independent suspension system to soften the bumps. There's a dual-diagonal braking system, negative steering roll ratio to help bring the Rabbit to a straight line stop in case of jabs, and a long list of other technical innovations.**

**VW: Mr. Dowler, since you've owned it, how well has it affected the return on your investment?**



Rabbit's Return has a brighter future.

Breathing space is but one comfort the Rabbit extends to its occupants. Anatomically designed seats are another. They support the lower back



An ever-changing sign of the times.

during long trips and the front bucket seats are fully reclining should you want to stretch out during the journey. On the floor of the Rabbit, you won't find a space stealing "hump". What

you will find is deep pile carpeting neatly fitted and finished like every other aspect of the Rabbit's interior.

**VW: Mr. Dowler, what about cargo space?**  
Dowler: Being a banker, we get transferred from time to time. I was transferred 2 years ago. And, there are always those things you want to move before you actually move. Vacuum cleaners, plants, paint etc. All I did was tip the back seat down, and the Rabbit was like having a small station wagon.

**Mr. Dowler's statement is fact, not an exaggeration. Regular cargo space.**

**Dowler: From a banker's point of view, the return on investment is affected by what you have to spend to maintain that investment. My Rabbit gets about 32 to 35 miles to the gallon compared to the 12 to 18 miles-to-the-gallon I was getting with the Buick I used to drive.**

**The 1979 Rabbit's fuel injected, 1.5 litre engine is indeed economical. And, it runs on regular gasoline.**

**Transport Canada's comparative fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit is 7.5 litres/100 kilometres.\* The Rabbit Diesel is the most fuel efficient car in Canada. An amazing 51 litres/100 kilometres.\***

**VW: While you seem comfortable with the economics, Mr. Dowler, is the Rabbit itself comfortable?**

**Dowler: Well, I'm 6' tall and weigh 230 pounds. I find it most comfortable. Also, we're a family of four. And all of us fit into the Rabbit easily.**

in the Rabbit is a spacious 370 litres. That's over 10 cubic feet. With the rear seat folded down, there's more cargo space than in most large cars.

**VW: What is one of the most appealing features of the VW Rabbit?**  
Dowler: The pure fun of driving it. As a banker and investor, I live a reasonably conservative life. But, I become a

changed man when I get into my Rabbit and put my foot down. The fact a Rabbit tops from 0 to 80 km/h in just 8.5 seconds supports Mr. Dowler's enthusiasm.

**VW: Mr. Dowler, it sounds as though you really believe in your VW Rabbit.**

**Dowler: Yes, it's ridiculous the way I talk about it. But I'm not the only person who thinks they're great. Just look at all the other car manufacturers who are trying to imitate the Rabbit.**

**VW: Would you recommend the Rabbit to other investors?**  
Dowler: I have.

**A former co-worker in Toronto, a friend from down the hall, one of our branch managers in Bramford, they're all believers and owners. I even convinced my wife's brother he should buy one. He's a diegman. And you don't recommend anything to him unless you truly believe.**



See don't sell a lot of cars if you don't have a good one.



The  
Volkswagen  
Rabbit  
Don't settle for less.







Haushagen and O'Brien in the cabinet baggage, a sense there are things to do

probably be better treated now, but not a lot better and in some of it's business as usual in Alberta. No time to worry about who has power." Brian Thorndorn of Monart, Saskatchewan, was even less hopeful that the new government will provide major benefits for the West. "When you start looking at all the measures Tony national, it notes from Ontario—it ends as the Ontario-Manitoba border. It's going to be interesting to see how the alliance from the redneck West fits in with the extremely efficient businessmen and academics in Eastern Canada. All the cabinet power in the East and it's almost ridiculous that Clark is from the West. Central Canada's understanding of the West is about as valid as its thinking that [former industry minister] Jack Horner is representative of the West."

Clark, however, set aside those and other grievances for heavier Western representation in his cabinet, displaying an unexpected pragmatism in his choices. In comparison to his critics, the cabinet he named had a surprisingly moderate, progressive slant as his government proposed to handle a disarray of policy problems. There was this month's seven-country industrial summit in Tokyo to prepare for, the Commonwealth Conference in Zambia in August, the increasingly complicated question of the Israeli embassy, the badly inflated dollar, the future of the government-owned oil company, Petro-Canada, which Clark wants to abolish in the face of heavy opposition within and outside his party, and the ever-present problems surrounding a stagnant economy, with escalating unemployment and inflation.

Nevertheless, a number of key programs were set in motion during Clark's first week in his new office. Michael Pittfield, former clerk of the Privy Council and a close friend of Pierre Trudeau, was asked to resign and was replaced by a francophone, Marcel Massé, as Ottawa's top public servant. A *raison d'être* was placed on new government service hiring, reserves were launched of Canada's nuclear energy program, plans to purchase new fighter planes, the unemployment insurance system, as well as the freedom of information and conflict-of-interest legislation.

But perhaps Clark's most controversial and growing move last week was his decision to appoint an 11-member "inner cabinet," with power to make final decisions on its own without approval from the remainder of the 25-member body. This inner group did not seem to conform to any known guidelines and was apparently intended to streamline decision-making. However, it raised numerous questions, not the least of which were how the inner group would interact with the remaining ministers and how the outsiders would feel about the system. Clark had previously indicated that his inner and outer cabinet would resemble the British two-tier arrangement, but it does not, because his insiders are not all ministers with senior portfolios. The inner cabinet will consist of Finance Minister John Crosbie from Newfoundland, Secretary of State and Communications David MacDonald from P.E.I., Supply and Services Minister Rob LaSalle and Senator

Joseph Phynne (Question Minister) from Quebec, Deputy Prime Minister Walter Dillies, Resource Development Minister Robert de Cotinis, Treasury Board President Sinclair Stessen, Federal-Provincial Relations Minister William Jarvis, External Affairs Minister Flava MacDonald, all from Ontario, Energy Minister Ramon Hnatyshyn from Saskatchewan, and Clark himself.

It is with this cabinet structure and an always-fractious Tory caucus behind him that Clark, the western lad who made good, now faces what some would say is the impossible task of reuniting a country whose basic French-English fault is in nature, while its other regions group uneasily for an identity of their own. It is a challenge that will test to the utmost a philosophy that he first expressed more than a year ago: "I have had in my house in High River men who worked the range of Western Canada, before there were fences. I know men who were the literal pioneers of that part of the country. You grow up with a different sense there—a sense of what can be done. A Western Canadian carries as part of his natural baggage the sense that there are things to do." If Clark's first week was an indication, he won't have to look far to find them. ☐

## The other side of the mountain

British Columbia has always had a certain beyond-the-western attitude toward itself, although the actual westward federal Liberals must now think of the province as beyond the pale. Straggle mulled by the gentle curves of the Rockies, B.C.'s focus is southwest rather than east—any part of the east. A population of 2.5 million dwells on abundant natural resources—the basis of the provincial economy—and spends it on everything a rich Canadian needs. B.C. voters find federal elections with a bemused indifference.

Joe Clark's first campaign rally in Vancouver was held in the west, at a location near nearby Kildaro Beach, the sun is lapping, rays being more important than pruned Tony rays of salvation. They voted Conservative and not because they were suspicious of Liberal intentions. Vancouver's Ben Miller did Devco's longtime MOP supporter who says he voted with the Liberal and he'll be back here to support the government's oil policy every aspect of the deal he'd be stopped. The Conservatives were the only party that couldn't hold the trend of pulling the entire country on the parallel. The Liberals had too much control over our fate.

B.C.

## On the one hand, on the other . . .

Norman Cunningham thought he had won it all in his move more than 20 years on the Vancouver waterfront, where labor disputes used to be as much a part of the climate as winter fog. But the breeze, briefly president of the B.C. Maritime Employers Association, could only scratch his head in bewilderment and dismay at the walkout last week by 4,000 longshoremen in the province. "You can't put logic to a completely illogical situation, and that's what we have here," he says.

The strike came one month after a union revolt of a ratification vote pe-

dated a bare, one-vote margin against the proposed three-year contract. The original offer was \$1,395 to \$1,181 in favor of the agreement, but somewhere during the recount, two more negative votes were discovered. The dispute has shut down all B.C. ports on the mainland and Vancouver Island from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, halting raw grain shipments and exports of potash, minerals, sulphur, lumber and pulp. Cunningham wouldn't even try to estimate the cost. "It's not capable of calculation. Just say it's astronomical."

What really bothers Cunningham, who once bargained for the Seafarers International Union, is that the proposed package had been suggested as a final solution by negotiators for the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) after two previous tentative agreements were shot down by narrow margins. Now the dust has been stirred, as far as the

employers are concerned. "We're not going to take the same treatment any more, when they take what they want until we've got nothing left to say, huh?" he says. "There was no strike fever in the ports at all. Sure, they voted 78 per cent to strike in March. But now that it's 50-50 what kind of contradiction is that?"

Union negotiators agree that the employers' offer is a good one—a wage increase of \$2.70 an hour agreed every over three years plus cost-of-living protection in the third year. The proposal would boost the base rate from \$13.00 an hour to \$15.70 over the length of the contract. But they didn't want to go the strike anyway, despite the meagre rejection. "What other choice did we have?" asks Frank Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the ILWU's Canadian area council. He says the membership is unhappy about the length of the proposed contract and wants either a two-year pact or more money in the third year.

But some observers argue that the root cause of the dispute is internal union politics. In a close election last year, area council president Rob Poole, a veteran longshoreman with an elegant, hand-drawn mustache, ousted Don Garco, who had held the



Developer Poole, brooding on the docks

For B.C. a business community already losing its only ally for the South province victory May 10. Clark's election was sugar feeding in a bloody cake. It sees the province on the verge of a boom. Forestry has been having record sales, the miners are celebrating high world metal prices, the north is reeling over fresh gas discounts and Vancouver is cheered by new office construction after a three-year hiatus. The only danger could be a slacking of the tourist industry due to the effects of gasoline shortages in the U.S.

B.C. has been riding the crest of prosperity for nearly 30 years. When comes to be above the national average and the

inflation is to keep things that way. And B.C. believes it has achieved this. Being state despite the passage of Ottawa. One of those who have ridden the wave is Jack Poole, president of Ocean Development Corp., whose Vancouver-based company has boosted its revenues 200-fold in 10 years, from a 1964 take of \$2 million to expected 1979 figure of \$400 million. "I like to think," says Poole with a knowing grin in his eye, "that I've been a good role of government. The mood in B.C. is very buoyant. I foresee a new housing boom very shortly, a seller's market. This is not just a sign as much as evidence as they were a low market as Poole as so confident about B.C. that he bought 50,000 shares in the B.C. Resources invest-

ment Corp. The Scaled-developer vehicle to turn all B.C. citizens into capitalists. Not coincidentally, Poole is a director of the corporation.

Stockbroker Tony Heaborn thinks that the election of Mr. Conservative has brought a positive reaction from investors, one level with market forecast 4 is a security government. But he is a little surprised that B.C.'s John Fraser did not get a more powerful portfolio than environment and the post office. Also, it seems odd that there is nobody from B.C. or Alberta in the new cabinet. "The West may not be as strongly represented as people think," Heaborn adds.

The one shadow on the B.C. horizon is the prospect of prolonged fuel trouble, undented by last week's walkout of 4,000 longshoremen (see story above). The Pacific Press strike in its eighth month adds there are several crucial contracts being negotiated, notably those in the forest industry. But there, again, the union feels optimistic. Jack Marks, outspoken regional president of the 52,000-member International Woodworkers of America, expects a contract to be signed without a strike action in hand, the only contract in B.C. who has cause for optimism is the newly elected member for Vancouver Centre, Al Phillips, the Liberal leader of Members. But, at least, as he said on election night, there is no unanimity in the B.C. Liberal caucus.

Mark Badger



Picket Genki Cooke blocks trucks at New Westminster: witness politics?

pest for eight years. The theory proposed privately by many employers and some union people is that, as one employer puts it, the Garma firms are "a working crew out to destroy Bob Probert's Kennedy, who has worked with both men, denies the charge. "I don't believe anyone would jeopardize the welfare of the membership by picketing when we're fighting with the employer."

This was the loggers' prospect that faced longtime strike trouble-shooter William Kelly when Ottawa's new Labor Minister Lincoln Alexander sent his assistant deputy minister to the coast late last week. Kelly had been there before, although it was Liberal Labor Minister John Munro who gave him the assignment during the 30-day

loggers' strike in 1970. Kelly produced a settlement scheme that which UAW negotiators agreed to put to their membership, but the unions turned it down and finally the federal government legislated their back to work.

After that, both sides decided their continuous strife (five strikes in 10 years) had to end, and four years of unprecedented industrial harmony followed on the B.C. waterfront—until now. The port of Vancouver loaded its annual cargo handling from 36 million to 45 million tons a year—at least it did last year. Maybe this time Bill Kelly will have better luck, for neither the employers nor loggersmen are hungry for another forced settlement. Says employers' man Cunningham, "We believe negotiations should be the responsibility of the parties involved and we're not looking for the govern-

ment to pull our chests out of the fire." Adds union man Kenny, "Negotiations don't easily exist when either party knows that if they get into trouble, the Brother is going to come in and bail them out." **Red Nicklebarth**

## Ottawa

### Some year in Jerusalem

"Next Year in Jerusalem is a Jewish prayer which we intend to make a Canadian reality." So read the last line of a statement issued seven weeks ago by Joe Clark as the campaigning Conservative leader vowed to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Before the new Clark administration's first week in office was out, however, global realism intervened to force a partial retreat.

After meeting with nine angry Arab ambassadors last week, External Affairs Minister Fergus MacDonald declared that, while "there is no intention to go back" on the commitment, "we are not working to any deadlines." The purpose of the exercise was underlined by Clark when he took a hash-bush call from Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. He wanted, the Canadian PM told Begin, to "meet" a situation warmed by foreign threats and domestic pressure (see page 37).

The threats came from the Palestine Liberation Organization, which accused Clark of "an act of aggression," and from Arab states, which warned of diplomatic breaks and economic sanctions. The pressure came from Canadian businessmen, who last year had sales and consulting contracts with Muslim countries worth more than \$1 billion. In Washington, the state department reacted coolly and an American official observed of Clark: "He's way out on a limb on this."

The snafu on Jerusalem underlined a harsh new reality for Joe Clark—that when he speaks on sensitive matters his voice is heard around the world. In fact, Clark has been making strong pro-Israel statements since his election as Conservative leader in 1976. At the same time, Clark has exhibited a certain lack of grounding in Middle East affairs and customs. During a visit last January to the Al Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem, a significant holy site, Clark asked his guide: "This is very much a religious place for Muslims, is it?" Replied the guide: "Yes, their principal place."

External's MacDonald and Arab leaders the reality may take a little longer



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To create the unique taste of Ballantine's Scotch, we age it until its flavour is fully developed. And our master blender is the judge of that precise moment when the flavour peaks.

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The status of Jerusalem, occupied by the Israelis, remains to be negotiated between Israel and Arab neighbors in a comprehensive peace settlement. Western nations have held off meeting their demands, despite Israel's requests, to avoid appealing support for off-occupied Israeli settlements of annexed occupied territories.

During an eight-hour in January, Clark refrained from commenting on the status of Jerusalem at the request of the Americans. But two close advisers, campaign chairman Lowell Murray and New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield, have been longtime proponents of the embassy move. Just before meeting with leaders of the Canada-Israel Committee April 25, Murray urged a double-acting Clark to make his announcement as the three candidates meeting in heavily Jewish districts in Toronto. Ron Atkey, now minister of employment and immigration, Bill Jarvis, who was elected in Willowdale, and incumbent U.S. Rep. Bob Parker, who was defeated in Rehoboth.

At the time, Clark explained that he had delayed the statement in part because he did not want Canada to make any changes in policy or practice which might have complicated the Egyptian-Israeli peace negotiations. Thankfully, those difficult negotiations have now borne fruit.

Clark's campaign rhetoric was premature, an external MacDonald indicated in her statement last week. In deciding when to make the embassy, she explained: "We would not wish any move we make in this matter to be construed as taking sides in the ongoing negotiations or as prejudicing the broader terms of a comprehensive peace settlement among all countries in the Middle East."

The statement was drafted carefully by MacDonald and officials at external, who have long opposed the policy switch, as his first blunder. It was Clark's attempt to compensate for that foot-dragging, in fact, which cost him the race last week. At his news conference, Clark noted pointedly that MacDonald and other ministers would be operative on the assumption that the campaign promises such as Jerusalem "are now beyond discussion as to their appropriateness."

But by week's end, at a private meeting of the Conservative caucus in Ottawa, Clark was fudging in the face of challenges from his party. By his admission, he noted that U.S. President Jimmy Carter also ran on a pledge to move his country's embassy to Jerusalem. Said Clark: "The difference is that with Jimmy Carter it will never happen because with me it will happen—some time."

Robert Lewis



Ottawa

## Homes sweet homes

**A**t 18 Sussex Drive, the Canadian prime minister's residence, three gently colored Japanese fish tanks belonging to Pierre Trudeau's son (his wife was nicknamed Joe Clark) dangled from the trees. Outside Stornoway, the Opposition leader's home, green and white wrens were still up on top of Clark's 2½-year-old daughter, Catherine, and her bicycle was in the driveway. Externally, all seemed placid on the pink, grassy grounds of the two official residences last week. Inside, however, it was pandemonium. Moving day, officially Saturday, June 8, was fast approaching.

However, it was on Friday night that Trudeau and his three sons left the 18-room, majestic mansion overlooking the beautiful Ottawa River. Memories linger, since the Sussex Drive residence, officially known as Gordale (a Welsh name meaning Place of Power), had been Trudeau's abode for the past 11 years. The Trudeau family is nearby Harrington Lake, taking temporary quarters for about two weeks at the prime minister's official country cottage—a two-story white clapboard dwelling in the midst of a wildlife sanctuary. The logistics for the transition between Sussex and Stornoway had been sorted out shortly after the election, when Margaret Meade quietly met Harry Stewart, then director of administration for the Privy Council and Prime Minister's Office, in Jasper, Alberta. Now, arrangements almost complete, Stewart says in summary: "It has been very gracious on both sides—with close." So amiable, in fact, that Clark

has even offered to surrender to Trudeau three of Sussex's staff, a maid, a nanny and an assistant cook, since there is currently no provision for publicly paid Stornoway staff under 1971 legislation governing the residence.

Already, redecorating and renovations have been requested. Trudeau wants the pipes and sewage system at Stornoway repaired, since the plumbing broke down the night after Clark hosted a celebration party there last week for 700 guests. Trudeau also wants the crumbling plaster fixed and the no longer contemporary chocolate-brown walls repainted. Then there is the problem of the pink, stucco which has found permanent shelter under Stornoway's sun porch. Clark's demands for 24 Sussex are more modest—just a paint job in the den, perhaps because extensive and expensive repairs were undertaken during Trudeau's stay. The Clarks were expected to spend their first night at 54 Sussex late this week.

The switch in residences by reversing roles is not just limited to swapping homes. When Trudeau became Opposition leader, he took a \$24,000 cut in his \$78,700 salary. He also forfeited the privilege of being housed around in the \$65,000 half-golfed prime minister's Cadillac, which Clark has already said will remain in the garage. The new PM intends to continue using his blue 1979 Chevrolet Impala. With the advantages of the Cadillac's reading lamps and lot space though, one former official predicts that prompt work last long, even leaving security precautions aside. He says "Clark can't afford to sit in the

U-S in his recovered Mercedes also a house of power for Trudeau.

back of his ear after dark twiddling his thumbs." Trudeau is delighted, meanwhile, to be behind a steering wheel again. The proof came last Monday, his resurrection day, when he roared away from Governor House in his perfectly preserved 1960 silver Mercedes 30SL, leaving security men scrambling in the exhaust.

While Trudeau is fishing at Harrington Lake, Clark and McTeer must master the etiquette of entertaining heads of state and royalty. The Sussex residence came with a maximum of 50 staff, and a liberal food and drink allowance. Most of the staff at Sussex are staying, even though Stornoway McTeer worked out a deal with Trudeau's aides last week to exchange Stornoway and Sussex gardeners, causing some difficulties with their employer, the National Capital Commission, since the Stornoway gardener is traditionally paid 25 cents an hour less. An SCC spokesman says that new rates salaries will equal them at this time, but the \$200,000 Sussex swimming pool, in which Trudeau routinely swims 46 laps each night. Clark's use of the pool will be limited since he's a poor swimmer ("My head sinks," he once complained, although he has taken lessons).

Probably the most basic change the two men's lives will be the matter of privacy. Clark and his wife will have to become accustomed to 24-hour security guards. Trudeau himself, a private man by nature, won't always be thought of public events and banquets of journalists. In fact, Trudeau's last media reporter on Parliament Hill last week, "How come you guys don't rush up to me the way you used to?" Then he snubbed away with his aide, knowing there will be more time now for fax and telex—such as his kid-flying with his friends.

Johanne LaBrecque

bedside manner and extremely courteous professional. He appeared to me to be a very dedicated, patient doctor, calls Sifton Irvine, pastor of Lockport's Pentecostal church. Adds Bill Power, editor of the area's weekly newspaper: "When I first saw him I remember thinking that he was really my idea of what a doctor should look like."

The trouble was that Weaver, 38, a tall, trim and dapper Florida native, wasn't a doctor and, last week, after pleading guilty in pretrial court to charges of practicing medicine without a license and possession of drugs for the purpose of trafficking, he was fined \$500 and sentenced to six months in jail. After serving his prison term, Weaver will likely be deported to the U.S., where he faces a similar charge in Virginia.

The case brought back memories of The Great Imposter, Ferdinand Desires, who—among many guests ranging from a Tropicana singer to a university professor—once assumed the role of a Royal Canadian Navy surgeon aboard a Halifax-based ship. Weaver's role-playing, however, was far more single-minded. He had wanted to be a doctor since he was a teenager and, according to Crown Prosecutor Brian Bailey, "simply decided one day that he was as qualified and competent as any doctor," though the closest Weaver (who has a general kit) ever came to legitimate medical training was during a year he worked as a paramedic in Washington, D.C. Weaver performed so well that he was only fired by his patients—he saw nearly 1,200 in the two months he passed as a doctor—but real doctors and hospital personnel as well.

His medical record, says Bailey, was deceptively simple. He would ask each new patient for the name of his or her former doctor and enter a medical history

from this doctor and then examine the patient again looking for the symptoms described in previous reports or "if they didn't have another doctor or if he couldn't get their records," adds Bailey. "He'd simply admit them to hospital and get every conceivable test done on them."

Though subsequent investigations proved that many of Weaver's diagnoses were wrong and that some of the drugs he prescribed (the most more than 700 prescriptions) could have adversely affected his patients, the prosecution and defense both agreed that no real harm had resulted from his deception. In fact, in at least one instance, Weaver may actually have helped a patient because of what prosecutor Bailey calls "his fresh approach to the art of medicine." The patient, a 49-year-old woman, had been given two years to live by Nova Scotia doctors because of a rare kidney disorder. But Weaver, unimpressed, referred her to specialists at a Boston hospital. As a result, defense counsel Alan Ferner told the court, "the woman's life expectancy has been extended for a considerable amount of time."

What ultimately aroused Weaver was Canada's system of medicalized medicine. When he finally submitted bills to Nova Scotia's Medical Services Insurance plan, it was discovered he had no registrations. Months after Weaver changed his story about why he hadn't filed the necessary credentials—he originally claimed that his documents were in transit and later said they had been lost in a fire—officials became suspicious and called the University of West Virginia, where Weaver had earned his degree. University officials said they had never heard of him.

After an initial panic when it was discovered that he wasn't a doctor—many

## Nova Scotia

### Every other inch a doctor

**W**hat the residents of Lockport, Nova Scotia, a tiny fishing community 120 miles north of Halifax, remember most clearly about Stephen Weaver is his sincerity. While mistaking to the medical needs of that formerly destitute village of 1,000 for two months last winter, Weaver was the best of local people with his easy



Weaver and former patient. Initial panic



patients dumped their prescriptions down the toilet and some suddenly reported weak spells—Lockport residents accepted Wiener's diagnosis with remarkably good grace. That has took away a reflection for his family (his wife, Sandra, and two daughters, 8 and 12, are still living in Lockport and workers at the local fish plant help a mite to help Mrs. Wiener pay the rent. When the bank called the two new cars Wiener had purchased after arriving in town from Washington, where he had worked as a medical examiner for an insurance company, church officials began taking turns driving the Wiener's eldest daughter to and from school. Down Washington the few cracks at the Baltimore County Jail pulled their message: researchers in an unsuccessful attempt to raise bail money.

As for Wiener himself, he may yet fulfill his dream of becoming a doctor. He plans eventually to apply for admission to a medical school and a program in his field by reading medical texts brought to him by supporters.

The drug possession charge, as Judge Joseph Kennedy was at pains to point out in court, is directly related to Wiener's practice of medicine without a license. Once it was determined that Wiener was not a doctor, his possession of the narcotics usually kept by qualified physicians became a criminal offense. "But," said the judge, "it should be made clear that he was not peddling drugs on the side." Stephen Kimber

## Stratford

### The king throws in the towel—again

**"O**h, yes, I can see the headline now—PHILIPPS FOLDS UNDER OPENING WEEK PRESSURE AND SCORNS ADVICE!" A tiny Robin Phillips admits that 1980 will be the end of his career as the Stratford Festival's artistic director. Although his contract isn't up until 1981, a mutual four-month notice clause enables him to conclude his turbulent tenure freely next year. And that, Phillips says, is what he wants to do.

The talented, nervous director has resigned before first in 1976, just after opening week of his second season, the second, but July, before abdominal surgery in Montreal. The long goodbye bids, at first, turned into a final farewell. "The only way to the end of the line I can do here," says the 35-year-old maverick, "and they must—for everyone's sake—

put someone with the energy to do it."

They are the 30 members of the Stratford Festival board of governors who must make the ultimate decision of who and what will succeed Phillips. Robert W. Clark, president of the board, hopes Phillips will change his mind again. "Personally, I am most reluctant to accept Robert's decision as a firm and final position," he points out that Phillips has brought the festival to a more international status by negotiating the range of productions at Stratford. During his five years, the festival's company has grown to more than 100 actors and a staff of 680; box office gross has risen from just over \$24 million in 1975 to a

Phillips, and of a turbulent tenure.



potential \$7 million this year.)

Who will be the future king? Names like Uta Hagen, John Hirsch, and Richard Hakman are strong contenders. Karla in the current literary manager and Phillips' closest advisor, Hirsch, recently at Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum directing *The Tempest*, was the associate artistic director under John Gasson in 1968-69. Hakman, based in London's West End, turned down the job of artistic director in 1973 before Phillips accepted. Doubtless, tremendous pressure will be applied to appoint a Canadian in the festival's 27 seasons. Jack Gasson has been the last Canadian.

A certainty is that Robin Phillips will

not absent himself from the decision-making. Although he has no official say in who will succeed him, what he advises will be listened to carefully by the board, members of which remain among his most devoted fans. "I have made suggestions and will make them again," Phillips says, but he "wouldn't dream" of revealing names. "Wherever taken over should be someone who attracts people to see plays and not just someone who directs plays." A similar comment two years ago gave rise to speculation that Phillips' choice was Karla, literary manager since 1975.

"I got my job here because I was sent to interview Robin for the Toronto Star," recalls Karla, in his usual office adjacent to the artistic director's. An literary manager, Karla, 34, usually plays to be performed, communications translations and develops scripts with playwrights that informally he has worked hand-in-hand with Phillips planning seasons, putting together the company, auditioning actors, and choosing designers and directors.

This season Phillips is directing three of the 18 productions, considerably fewer than his usual five's share last season. One of his productions opened in the first week alone, but this year there are two—*Love's Labour's Lost*, co-directed with Karla, and a revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The third, *King Lear* starring Peter Onorato, the season's only imported big name (Gasson's agent until Oct. 5, he is now in the final stage of casting next year's 14 productions which he hopes will be a real classic end to his reign).

In addition to carrying on at Stratford next year, Phillips might be venturing to the Lincoln Center's Youngman Beaman in New York where he was named to the theater's new six-member directorate. Woody Allen, one of the members, said recently, "I hope to write some plays for it, a funny play to help out the financial end of the project, and then some more serious works." Phillips says, "I'm only interested in classical theatre. If I wind up working there it's going to be done that, if not, it's really T.I.I. be done that."

And he doesn't see his year's return was that he had his eye on the top position at one of England's prestigious drama companies. He has been quoted as saying that teaching and choreographing ballet attracted him. A Stratford insider made the appeal of directing films at Phillips' house, and he's saying nothing. "I have no idea what I'll do and I don't know any offers." Yet, when he spoke of his decision, he dangled an intriguing possibility: "In the future, I can imagine being on the short list for the next artistic director." But what may not come across the last of Robin Phillips yet. **Wendell Collins**

## SPORTS

# The day Bid went down

By Joe Flaherty

**W**hat can be said of the savior of the Belmont Stakes? Certainly not that it is "The Third Jewel of the Triple Crown." That kind of stuff is the province of the network boys and the tabloid tab-changers who call the World Series "The Fall Classic" and World War II "The Big One."

We may venture it is "disgraced"—compared to the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. By all accounts the Derby is akin to Emil Jannings chasing Marlene Dietrich in *The Blue Angel*. The great trust prattles is not caring what the tawful world thinks of you fully.

The Preakness, on the other hand, has a touch of the sinister in it. Baltimore is a dangerous place to visit. After all, it's the town that produced Spago Agnew, Madalyn Murray O'Hair (who had school prayers banned by the Supreme Court) and H. L. Menckin. You can get mugged in such a place by locals, as did Hilda by Greek Mayor and Elinor Ridge by Doc Bee Bee, two unidentified long shots who, after their moment of hallowed possession, returned to the obscurity they so richly deserved. The race in Baltimore is famous not for its racehorses but for its surroundings.

The Belmont is a more sport, Solarte and stately, especially for horses going the grueling distance of a mile and a half. It is a race that highlights character and steadfastness. It does little for the heart. Its purpose is to run these marrows. It does not give the legs to a sensitive pucker but affords the upper. By winning it, one gets the same swing satisfaction one gets from having real all of Pound or reaching a silver wedding anniversary with your fidelity intact.

Of course there have been memorable Belmonts when the Triple Crown has been on the line. Last year's pair de deux between Affirmed and Alydar was an extraordinary piece of racing that ranks at the top in American turf annals. The two champions headed each other heads up for a mile. As a lone shark and his blood. And then there was Secretariat's 1973 race where he won the first Triple Crown since Citation's 25 years before. The majestic red was by 31 lengths, shattering a track record. It was his race, then an experience—a moment in history as appetizing—comparable to watching Henry VIII up.



Costly leading bid (right) and Golden Aid not for cash takes but commensurate

This year was devoid of spectacle or animal on history. Not only did Secretariat's bid's credentials dwarf his opponent's the Triple Crown, after being vulnerable for a quarter of a century, was becoming common place.

After Secretariat in 1973, the first was duplicated by Seattle Slew in '77 and Affirmed in '78. Now Bid was in to do it in 1979 for an unprecedented third consecutive year. It was like watching the Easter parade—the glit of riches was becoming boring. The racing bet began to run for an unbridled interloper to disrupt the proceedings.

There was a slight hope in New York, there was a colt named Carmichael who passed up the Derby and the Preakness to await the Belmont. He is a huge, rangy green colt full of promise and distance seemed to be his game. He was used by the great European distance coach Nyskiss, who was used by K. P. Taylor's Northern Dancer who failed for his bid at the Triple in the 1964 World Cup. Carmichael was trained by the marvelous distance trainer Billy Turner, who handled Seattle Slew and

was evidently cut made by that colt's owners after he sensed the Triple Revenge for Turner and Northern Dancer spread the predictable calm.

But a coughing epidemic hit the barn at Belmont and Carmichael was infected and had to break training. Another lightly rated colt, Coastal, was the Peter Pan Stakes (Belmont prep) by 13 lengths in visits record time. He was by Majestic Prince who failed as his bid at the Triple in 1968. Again there was a mirror of apoc. Chaos springs eternal.

But all this was reaching. No one truly believed the bid could be brought down. So the talk centered around the reason, or reasons, for the sudden frustration of Triple Crown winners. Thoroughbred owners wanted better nutrition, training methods and medical care were superior to their ancestors. An travel removed the arduous crossing of horses from track to track. And then there was the standardization of American racetracks, all favoring speed horses indeed, Pungo was the last American horse of quality who ran down behind and indeed, American tracks have become as indistinguishable as their fast food. The Yankee dis-

taste for foreplay had infected racing. Then there was the influence of the Bold Ruler strain in breeding which started when the Americans copied Bold Ruler's son, Nantahal, away from the Irish breeding industry. Celtic history once again prevailed—their talented sons emigrated.

But migration is a two-way streak, as Leon Rosenman points out. Rosenman writes the headline column for *The Daily Racing Form*. He is the Alex Haley of the equine set. His intriguing notion is that maybe the best horses are not winning the American classics. As far as Secretariat he is concerned, his sire impresses Rosenman but his dam is common lot. "Even Affirmed's sire, Exclusive Native, was a miler, not a true distance horse, as was the sire of Seattle Slew. In America, we breed milers and hope for a mile and a quar-

ter." Rosenman adds that America's truly regally bred colts are all being bought by Europeans and are racing on the continent. He states that the premier two-year-olds' race in England, the William Hill Futurity, has been won by American-breds from 1972 through 1977. And the Arc de triomphe, the "world race," was won by American-breds six times in the past eight years. Also, Alleged, Europe's horse of the year for two years, was by Hasty the Flag, who was odds on to win the 1977 Triple Crown—until he shattered his leg. "If these horses raced in native soil we might have had a different cast of horses over the last eight years," Rosenman says. According to this eighth pole position, America's deficit balance of payment is now on the hoof.

Amidst all this cerebral mauling there was a physical footnote. Ramon

Franklin, Bel's jockey, and Angel Cordero, who rode Seattle King in the Derby and the Preakness (and the rider of General Assembly in the Belmont), have had an ongoing feud. In Florida, earlier in the year, Cordero shook up Franklin and Bel in the Florida Derby. Franklin called Cordero "a spic." Baltimore doesn't produce diplomats either.

In the Preakness, Cordero carried Franklin and Bel wide in a lapid tactical move. Franklin demanded Cordero for "poor sportsmanship" on national TV. The Wednesday before the Belmont, Cordero countered. Both were riding in the fourth race. Cordero came over on Franklin, snarly lunging. Franklin's mount to his knees.

Later in the jockeys' room, punches were thrown and both jacks were fined \$500 with a stern warning about roughhousing on Belmont day. The press

made much of that altercation. But fighting among jockeys is only taken seriously by people who get excited by dolphins spouting. The screaming knows a superior breed does it better.

Rosen had it. Cordero threatened to hit Franklin. It's an old play. The only way to get drama into an inevitable confrontation is to threaten assassination.

When Ramon Franklin woke up on Belmont day, he received two distasteful pieces of news. The first was that David Whitley, trainer of Castral, had agreed to have his horse supplemented to the race for \$11,000. Whitley, like his father, Frank, who trained Danvers, Ruffian and Pensive, is not a fan-boyed man. The family believes in wearing a belt with suspenders. The other shoe that fell was that young Franklin got slapped by a paterfamilias brought against him by a Baltimore

damsel. The symbols began looking for the traditional tri-part tragedy.

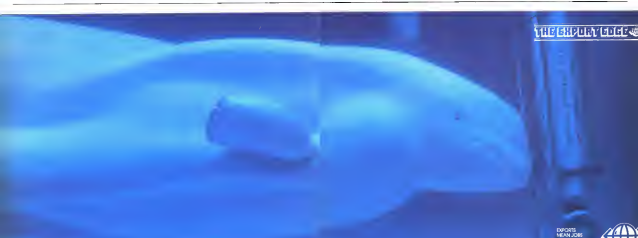
At 5:30 on a day so murky it would make a coal-miner gag, the last square victory took place. Bel broke cleanly in the second position, digging the pace-setting Gallant Fox, ex 89-60-1 shot. Inexplicably, Franklin paroled Bel so if he were a contender sweating the lead from him after six furlongs. Nothing shocking though—the pace was a civil 1:11 1/5.

The only shock was that when Bel made the lead, he didn't accelerate. After a mile, he only had a two-length lead. Four horses were still in touch with him. With a quarter of a mile to go, Bel was ahead by three lengths but Castral and Golden Act were beginning to move. Bel started to beat out like a tired horse, and Franklin compounded that by whipping left-handed, sending

him further out. Ruben Hernandez aimed the opportunity and drove Castral through on the rail. Bel short-circuited stride and Castral flew by him to go on to win by 3 1/2 lengths, with the late-closing Golden Act necking Bel for second.

There was an logical excuse for Bel except that, like his jockey, he had an off day. The time was a pedestrian 2:08 3/5—23 lengths off Secretariat's record. Bel had never run that far off a record in his career. Indeed, usually he is shuffling with sparkling time.

In the jockey's room, Franklin was despondent while Cordero exulted in the Latin Hernandez's upset, shouting "Ruben, every spic in America loves you!" What Franklin muttered upon entering wasn't recorded for posterity, but it sure as hell wasn't "I love New York." ☐



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Although at his tender age he's yet to distinguish between an arabesque and a pika, three-month-old **Alexander**, the future progeny of **Madea Potts**, principal dancer for the National Ballet, and **Harold Demme**, National Ballet chorist, is destined for a dancer's peripatetic life. Potts, who is back at the barre after having hardly missed a beat, will take Alexander with her on the dance circuit—Chicago, New York, London, Toronto, Montreal, Western Canada—where he'll have the company of four other children now touring with their balletic parents. He'll even meet ballet's most famous Poles, all-star **Rudolf Nureyev** who'll be partnering mother Sodin in *Giselle* at New York's Lincoln Center. The tiny dancer, five feet, four inches, and a smidge over 100 pounds, will have just 15 minutes to rehearse with Nureyev but her total confidence in the brilliant Russian soothes her spring-night jitters. "He loves to dance with the principal girl," says Potts, who first danced with Nureyev eight years ago. "When he walks onstage, you know everything will be all right." And there'll be baby Alexander giving his lusty-legged encouragement from the wings.

It may turn out to be the possum event of the decade, and that was certainly how it was being described in New York and Washington when author **Truman**



CHRISTOPHER YOUNG

Capote went on a scientific hour-long TV *Prime* last week to dissect the manners and morals of Jackie Kennedy Onassis' sister, **Princess Lee Radziwill**. The background to the spectacle him in a tale Capote told *Playboy* magazine four years ago about another American man of letters, **Gore Vidal**. Vidal, and Capote, was once thrown out of the White House after behaving badly at a party which **President John F. Kennedy** and **Jackie** gave for Lee and **Steen Radziwill**. Vidal denied the story and sued Capote for \$1 million. Capote claims that Radziwill told him the story and that she also promised to disclose publicly that the tale was true. However, recently, she changed sides and swore a deposition for Vidal that she had not told Capote any such tale. Capote's feelings of betrayal by his "best friend" of 22 years were somewhat amplified when, he says, Radziwill told a New York columnist: "Well, you know what they are. They're just a couple of fags and this is just a fight between two fags. I think it's disgusting that we have to be dragged into it." So Capote, a theatrically inclined Southerner, took to New York City's WGBH TV station to get his own back. When the camera rolled Capote set up Lee Radziwill's on-stage off-again marriage to West Coast billionaire **Newton Cope**. And when asked about **Teddy Kennedy's** possible presidential bid, Capote said "I wouldn't care to see it at all, because he's a highly

Radziwill and Nureyev: only foot doves?

Porte and Alexander: a peripatetic progeny

contable fellow. He's a person given to outbursts of various kinds when he's had something to drink." When that interview concluded, *The Washington Post* got its turn. Capote offered, "Men to both Jackie and Lee are to be totally astounded, nothing but foot slaves Lee and Jackie have in their life. Contrasting everything and the royal we."

As one of the Liberal bakers who got tossed out with the bath water in the recent federal election, former Vancouver *Kingsway* MP **Samuel Holt** bears no grudge against the man most people hold responsible—**Flavio Elliott Trudeau**. In fact, Holt is planning to steal the anti-Trudeau title by writing a complimentary book about the new leader of the Opposition. "With working titles such as *The Trudeau I Knew* or *The Trudeau Nobody Knew*, Holt's theme is this: "There were some ignorant attacks on my friend, and no one attacks my friend. This book will inform them why I respect Trudeau." However, before the 36-year-old journalist sets his wheels spinning again, she's back in Ottawa clinching her bet after. Perhaps it's just as well, since her additional project is a book about Indian rights, which her parliamentary cronies aren't likely to favor. "My book is going to come names," said Holt. "It's going to say that the department of Indian affairs has to go."

Casting "an enmeshment of razors," director **John Hirsch** is back in Canada after a two-month hiatus, having been hounded by offers from Los Angeles, Seattle and New Haven. Comment: A 30-year showbiz veteran, Hirsch is reuniting the late south in order to fill his Canadian commitments, easing their stage productions for both the National Arts Centre and Toronto's Young People's Theatre. While in Los Angeles, Hirsch tackled a lifelong ambition—Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest*. His production displays the talents of Canadian **Brent Carter** and **Michael Reed**, and the vigorously self-analytical British actor **Andrew Hughes** as the magic-making Prospero. Hopkins, 41, was Hirsch's ideal choice for the part of "a man who has not yet come to terms with himself," according to New York Times critic **Michael Kree**, who gave the production a highly favorable review. Hirsch wisely refrained from stirring up the emotional actor's memories of Corky, the bearded ventriloquist he played in *Major*. "Terry is a very troubled person," says Hirsch. "Major was one subject I thought it best to steer clear of."

It was supposed to be an *In France* of *Older Women* version of *Love Story* with a tennis racket twist, but when the

Movie and Subliminal: anti-nuke decision

preliminary pictures started rolling in, "It didn't look old enough and he didn't look young enough," says **Al McGraw**. Now 46, McGraw's "younger man" in her new film *Players* is **Dean-Paul Merka**, the 27-year-old blonde, blue-eyed son of Dean Martin Sr. whose previous experience as a fringe tennis pro prepared him for his role as a "player" in his first film. In Toronto last week, McGraw shyly asked more than 300 tennis buffs who had gathered for a Tennis Canada benefit to excuse her last ignorance of the game, but added that she might have crossed out on her movie career if it hadn't been for her avenue to the sport. "When I was in school if you didn't play tennis, you did Shakespeare plays," she said. That got her started. Before her graduation from Massachusetts' Wellesley College in 1980 the fledgling thespian had a part in *Ali's Wild Tier Ende* *Wild*. Her co-star was none other than *Erich Segal*, who was at Harvard writing *Love Story* in his off hours.

While actress-actress **Jane Fonda** took centre stage recently and trooped her political colors before 98,000 anti-nukes on Washington's Capitol Hill, the impact registered on everyone from a 76-year-old lady dressed as a madwoman to U.S. Presi-



dent **Jimmy Carter**. In line with Fonda's radical as mistress, but keeping a somewhat lower profile, was Canada's **Beverly Sutherland**, who turned up unexpectedly last week to protest the building of a nuclear generating station at Darlington, 30 miles east of Toronto. Although badly pummed by Greenpeace organizers who wanted his famous face to grace their cause, Sutherland reluctantly declined the invitation when she shyly conflicted with him shooting schedule for the movie *Nothing Personal*. However, before the day was out not even an appointment with the film's wardrobe department could stay the superstar from exhibiting his social conscience.

Following an anti-nuclear speech by actors **Berry Meeke** and **Don Macleod** to a crowd of 2,000, Sutherland was finally spotted dropping a donation in the anti-nuclear kitty. And although in normal circumstances he could be expected to cough up for a worthy cause, Sutherland was a little low on dough thanks to a burglar who, two days earlier, had robbed him of \$3,900 cash, \$12,000 in airline tickets and his Order of Canada medal. Proving that even a thief can have a heart, everything but the cash has since been returned.

Edited by **Joan O'Hara**



JOAN O'HARA



JOAN O'HARA



World

## The indelible journey of John Paul II

By Sue Masterson

In Warsaw, the normally staid inhabitants put his way with flowers; at the tank croning range at Gdansk more than a million people, many of them farmers who had come by horse and cart, gathered to hear him preach, at Auschwitz he leapt in comparative solitude to pray at the monument to Father Maximilian Kolbe, one of the few Polish victims at that concentration camp, who gave his life so that another man, still alive and the father of eight children, might live. Karol Wojtyla, Pope John Paul II, had come home.

He came, in part, like a tourist. "If this is New York, it must be Friday," quipped one journalist in the mountain resort as the Pope repeated the scene of his early exploits in mountaineering and skiing. And the breathtaking place set by the pope in his hedgehogging white helicopter added substance to that impression. His cruise is a native cause, perhaps for the last time, to resist the forces of his youth and earlier career in the church. The demands of office, with its international perspectives, make it next to impossible for him to favour one country even if it is the land of his birth. He came as a diplomat, delicately travelling the thin red line between the Russian Catholic Church, which in Poland is the living expression of nationalism as well as religion, and communism. And he came as that mystical being, the Supreme Pastor, and magically the rains answered his

bidding and the prayers of farmers to break an unprecedented heat wave and, later, rolled away to grant his spoken wish to see again the mountains that he loved.

In its turn, Poland welcomed him officially with all the honours due a head of state—and unofficially with public rapture on a scale that will echo in the minds and hearts of a people as when the Pope's visit was at once an article of faith and a renewal of their centuries-old declaration of independence from oppression, from whatever source or whatever cause.

The warmth was such as to temper even the cold winds that blow from the Kremlin. President Henryk Jablonski turned out for a truly cordial greeting at the start of the nine-day triumph, and even the stony face of Communist party Secretary Edward Gierś relented somewhat for the official exchange of gifts, though no one was prepared to guess when he will put the mosaic of saints Peter and Paul, which the Pope bestowed on him.

From then on it was a lit-

Pope's blessing hovercraft hopping by helicopter



man holiday. The only figures that counted were millions; half a million in Warsaw's Victory Square, the million at Gdansk (with the thermometers in the high 30s), uncounted crowds at Czestochowa, whose Jasna Gora monastery contains the sanctuary of the silver-shined Black Madonna, a multitude in Krakow, where the Pope spent 14 years as bishop and archbishop before that fateful day, last October, when he set out for Rome for the last time in the red cap of a cardinal.

All this with the same capacity for self-discipline manifested by those much-maligned mass demonstrations that shook the Peaceful Threat of Iran's Shah. Indeed, throughout the Pope's visit, there was hardly a "militia" to be seen. The church-appointed stewards, many of them priests, wielded veils and sometimes nothing but hands to harness the raw hysteria which the pope, with his charisma, could invoke by a simple smile or spreading of his arms.

But there was a serious aspect, aside from all rejoicing. Well aware that the TV cameras were spreading his actions and words into homes in neighbouring East Germany, Czechoslovakia and, even, parts of the Soviet Union, the Pope sent special messages to this wider audience in a series of sermons. "Christ cannot be kept out of the history of

man, the Holy Father cannot forget any of his children, his brothers," and, explaining his visit: "He comes to speak of these often forgotten nations, and people... to cry with a loud voice."

That voice was heard clearly throughout Poland's temporal leaders, which seemed like an appeal for a lasting accommodation between church and state, though one which conformed with the church's view of its mission to produce citizens "more conscious of their dignity, conscious of their rights and duties." The church wanted no privileges, said the Pope. But it did want "what is essential for the accomplishment of her mission."

There were other, earthier days. One country cannot live at the end of an epoch, said the Pope, to people's applause from people who had just learned that Poland had "won" the right to supply meat to the Moscow Olympics, although harescent has to line up six hours for a decent cut once a week. And there were some matters of theology. Well aware of the realities of divorce and abortion within the socialist system, the Pope preached once in favour of the indissolubility of marriage and ease for the unborn life.

Somewhat, throughout, Pope John Paul II managed to stop just short of offending his official hosts who, anyway, were inclined to take an indulgent view, no doubt thinking of all the Vatican influences which might, if all goes well, be diverted in their direction in the form of much needed investment capital.

But even if they were disinclined to be charitable, the fact remained that from the little grey man who burst through the barriers to dispel the Pope's hand to the party officials who secretly bring presents to say mass in their homes, there was no doubt about where the underlying power in Poland and other parts of Eastern Europe resides. And that power received a massive reinforcement from its source last week.

Israel

## Stubbornness and the art of war

By Martin Woolcott

As Israel and Egypt prepared for Khaled's resumption of talks about the 1982 question of Palestinian self-rule in the occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin last week once more underlined his absolute refusal to budge on the issue. The method he chose was to



Begin took exercise, and Begin and Begin embracing, an enormous killing ground



authorise the setting up of yet another biblical rallying point in the West Bank. Indeed, as Gush Emunim extremists established themselves at Elon Moreh (named after Abraham's first settlement) near the Arab town of Nablus, the chances of Begin's compromising his position had long since ceased to be a matter of debate.

Instead, the important question in Begin's strategy for the almost inevitable breakdown of talks with Egypt, the collapse—while at parts of the peace agreement, and the consequent regional crisis, with all its dangers of war. The U.S. state department may brief journalists on the "wide gap" between the two sides. But such diplomatic language turns the reality of the situation which, in an Israeli journalist's words, "Begin is doing everything he possibly can to make sure the autonomy talks are a failure." Or, as Yehoshua Porath, an Israeli expert on Arab affairs, commented: "Nothing will come of the autonomy plan... you cannot see any compromise between Begin's position and the position on the other side would accept."

Begin and his supporters know that as well as any academic, diplomat or journalist, so it has to be assumed that

his long-term policy is actually based on the fact that the talks will break down. The timetable laid down by Camp David points to a crisis in the early months of next year when Israeli withdrawal from western Sinai is supposed to be followed by the exchange of ambassadors and the satisfactory conclusion of the talks with Palestinian leadership. Even if deeply offended by the Israeli negotiating position, it is believed that the Egyptians will hang on until they get back their first big lump of Sinai. Thereafter, they would have little incentive to do so.

It is clear enough to many Israelis—some of whom approve and some of whom explicitly do not—that Begin's strategy is to play along the autonomy talks for a while and then let them break down, hoping that, although Egypt would then have to repudiate Israeli involvement, it will not go as far as would "neutralise" Egypt at the cost only of a portion of the Sinai, leaving Israel in possession of the more militarily useful western half as well as Gaza and the West Bank.

From Begin's point of view, two issues could arise at this juncture. Either the western front states (Syria, Jordan and Iraq) would find themselves unable or unwilling to make war, in which case Israel could continue the process of incorporating the West Bank fully into its military and economic system, without harassment, or the eastern front states would try to challenge Israel with either an support or only belated support from Egypt. If that occurred, Begin believes, Israel would win a smashing victory.

If, on the other hand, a confidence well founded. The Israeli armed forces, after considerable expansion, re-equipment and tactical and strategic rethinking after the 1973 war, are, for the moment, in an excellent and even commanding position. In the Golan Heights, Israel has a base or provost which would allow powerful shelling into Syrian territory. In the Jordan Valley, it has an enormous "killing ground" in which Arab civilians could be blasted to pieces. The combination of such advantages with Israel's

with, which would make her extremely vulnerable if she stood purely on the defensive, Israeli military planners, as in the past, toward the pre-emptive strike. As one military commentator wrote, before the peace agreement, Israel should initiate a "principled nuclear strike" if it is slightly mad. "The small detour which Arikah made is from our point of view a case well!"

It is nonsense to argue, in any simple sense, that Israel "meets war." But it makes good sense to try to put the other side into a intelligent stance—which could then be quickly taken advantage of—at a moment militarily and politically favorable to Israel.

It is in this context that Begin's thinking has to be examined. He appears to think that he has found a policy in which Israel cannot lose. If, miraculously, the Egyptians accepted some version of his visionary plan, then that would confirm Israeli control of the occupied territories and give it some respectability.

If the latter fail, as seems certain, the Arabs will either do nothing about it or they will fight a state of war with a force which Israel will win. It may all seem very simple to Begin and some of his supporters and, it is probable, to some military planners. But this centralized scenario is a source of worry and fear to the average Israeli, and there is increasing, although still fractional, open opposition to the Israeli left wing and former general Motta Pelled wrote in a recent article, a crisis between Israel and Egypt over autonomy "could precipitate a general deterioration toward removal of hostilities" and he seems to think that such a move is inevitable as long as the major motive of Begin's policy remains the consolidation of Israeli sovereignty over Palestinian territories. ☐

## Italy

### Well, Rome wasn't built in a day

**L**e Stampo, Turin's fairly daily newspaper, instantly divided them "elections without voters." And last week, after Italy's 42 million voters had re-elected a political stalemate to rule the country, no one, least of all the ruling Christian Democrats, was questioning the assessment. The party has headed every government since 1945 and had been hoping to be jettied out of its precarious, authority held on power into a stronger position by voters' fear of terrorism. Instead, it barely managed to hold its own.



President Flaminio Piccoli, pretty quiet

The Communists, the second largest party, were no more fortunate. Hoping for an endorsement of their demand for cultural unity, they were instead chopped back about three percentage points in the popular vote, their first major reversal in three decades. And the Socialists, who hoped to gain enough credibility to be a true balance of power, were disappointed with only a fractional increase. The only political groupings to make any gains were small, controlled, giddy parties like the Radicals, which siphoned off protest votes from the big power blocs.

After a lull in campaign and an apathetic turnout (three million Italians spoiled their ballot or left them blank) the country can now look forward to a hot summer of tortuous inter-party negotiations at Montecitorio, the official seat in Rome, about who is to form a government.

This question will be only partly answered when the two houses of parliament—the senate and the chamber of deputies—reopen June 20 to choose their presidents and the chairmen of parliamentary committees. The premier for the past three years, Giulio Andreotti, will probably be asked once more to try to cobble together an "interim" administration and hold off serious bargaining until the fall. All indications are, nevertheless, that the haggling will be nerveless.

The Communists, who, in the words of leader Enrico Berlinguer, suffered "a considerable loss, are nevertheless going to fight for their cabinet positions. After a meeting of the party last week, a top leader, Luciano Barca, bluntly warned: "We will not support a government from which we are excluded."

That was loud, though not unexpected, news for Andreotti. And while he could comfortably form a government with the help of the Socialists, their price—common cabinet seats or possibly the position of premier—may also be too high. Montecitorio, as the newly elected old faces once make resume their game of political chess, the country's worsening unemployment and delicate labor situation are unlikely to get badly needed attention. As *Le Scienze* put it, the election has resulted in "more uncertainty than hope." Angela Ferrante

## South Africa

### No thanks for the memories

**T**he irony was inescapable. Mr. State President, may it please you—begin the 8,621-page report presented last week by Mr. Justice Gideon Erasmus to South Africa's head of state, John Vorster. But in place of his formal "please," mortally aghast have been a more accurate word. For in the latest development in a scandal that is becoming ever more and more, Erasmus—who had enumerated Vorster in a preliminary report only months before for his role in what the press calls the Muldergate scandal—this time hushed him as badly that he was forced to resign.

Vorster was found to have given false evidence to the inquiry he himself set up and to have covered up gross irregularities as prime minister. Those irregularities were connected with a mammoth, secretly funded propaganda scheme, instituted by Vorster's National Party government under the di-

rection of former information minister Connie Mulder, designed to buy friends for South Africa abroad and voters for the National Party at home.

At the center of the \$50-million scandal, involving more than 150 projects, were two secret government forays into the world of publishing: its establishment of an English-language newspaper, *The Citizen*, to counteract constant criticism from South Africa's privately owned English-language newspapers, and the subsidizing of a pro-apartheid magazine, *The Post*, which pushed the government's line both at home and abroad.

Vorster had claimed ignorance of both projects. But in his final report, the commission, sifting an 811-page evidence that it had earlier used to clear him, determined that he had known everything about the basic funding of the secret projects. It also found he had approved the publication of a number of earlier investigations into the covert operation which were a whitewash and which he knew were false.

The resignation meant the scandal had claimed the career and reputation of the two men who only a year ago were the nation's premier and speaker in South Africa. (Mulder's successor Vorster had not only been prime minister for 13 years before becoming



Former president Vorster, secret forays

president last September, he was also, as the *South Daily Mail* put it, revered as the father figure of Afrikaner nationalism over the last decade. Connie Mulder had been Vorster's heir apparent but lost out by a narrow margin to the current premier, P. W. Botha, when rumors of what happened in the informative department

had advanced to the stage where, with other air force officers, he was able to hand a coup against the Prime Minister which had ruled Ghana for seven years. The coup failed and Rawlings ended up in prison, but last week a band of followers backed by air support sprang him and within 48 hours he had formed a 10-man revolutionary council to replace the deposed General Frederick Aducci and his officers.

Rawlings now promises blooded to partly Ghana and the expulsion of Aducci's 3,000-member Lebanese community which he says has dominated economic life. But he can probably count at least on mild public support. Ghanaians have grown almost frantic to military coup. There have been late since independence (1946) and as a popular local song goes: "The cane is the cane/Only the shears are different." So anyone who promises to break the pattern of ruling and ruling, jobs can be sure to please the country's radical young unemployed and urban townships.

Rawlings has promised to hold elections for civilian rulers scheduled by his predecessor. But he is "to postpone" for three months the abolition of military government and this could bring about an expensive cabinet with the country's powerful media. The missing evidence should solve his deadly problem, but life is

James Fenton

### The young and the restless

**T**earing governments in Uganda reported as work for generals or of the very best. Citizens. So the main and largely unanswered question after the 1980 election was: did the new leadership, Jerry Rawlings, have the will or the means to change the status quo?

Although he sounds like a character from an armed force, he is not. His 32-year-old Rawlings is anything but a character. Indeed the sense of destiny of the polo-swinging son of a wealthy Scots businessman and a Ghanaian mother reportedly shows through as early as his well-cultured education at Accra's respected Achimota School. "He was a boy of great spirit," says a former teacher. "Very fine and determined."

Rawlings might have gone to university but he chose the air force, leaving his pilot's training in 1968. He made good progress but his determination became manifest in his wing officer and he was months later in the air. He was a boy of great spirit, says a former teacher. "Very fine and determined."

By mid-May Rawlings' ideas and plans

under his direction began to emerge. Mulder was eventually forced out of parliament and, apparently embarrassed at being made the lone scapegoat, turned on Vorster and other members of the cabinet—including Botha—offering proof that others had been in the know.

Rumors gave members of the current cabinet, even bills of health, although one of them, Frances Minter Owen Horwood, has admitted he signed a paper giving financial approval for the *The Post* project. He says he is covered up the document with a piece of paper as he wouldn't know what he was signing. But that merely fueled speculation, helped on by new hints from Mulder, that Vorster, as the other statesman, is meant to be scapegoat No. 2, but that under an circumstances should share the blame. If 4 Indian Botha, who had been the would resign if it could be shown a number of his cabinet was in the know, is frostily pushing a left through parliament that would make it illegal to publish stories alleging government corruption without the permission of a government-appointed advocate general.

But if South Africa's image of themselves as the purifiers of Africa is slightly shaken, that isn't likely to show much at the polls. The National Party rules with a 4-to-1 majority in parliament and two days after Vorster's resignation, hardly was a by-election in Mulder's old seat. Most Afrikaners—representing 90 per cent of the white population—regard the National Party, whatever its faults, as their party. As for English speaking white South Africans, most have been living comfortable, uncomplicated lives within the apartheid system for years. With that kind of background it's hard to predict any sudden explosion of outrage.

Dan Tamarin

# Jimmy in a jam

**A**s President Jimmy Carter continued his losing energy battle with the "greedy Americans" at home last week, he was also assailed at a fight with angry Europeans at the Tokyo economic summit scheduled for the end of this month. French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet, on a visit to Washington, clashed sharply with administration officials over energy policy and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's fate, wrestled in earlier after meeting with Carter a few days later, was widely reported to have made a scorching mood.

The European and Carter's policies—particularly his *Reagan-Jarrel*—are reported beating oil—its lack of energy and leadership. That fact was loudly conveyed by François-Poncet, who called for "banding" documents to be made at the summit on the energy crisis. Specifically, the French want a collating process to be implemented. That would, they say, reduce speculation on the spot market in Rotterdam where a barrel of Roussillon crude last week brought more than twice the official price of \$55.50 set by the oil producers' cartel.

The French argue that with commercial speculation driving oil prices so high, producers are bound to take a "negative" view of consumer countries' appeals for price stability. As if to underline the point, congressional leaders recently reported that oil had hit \$60 a barrel on the cash market. And Carter's defense of the oil subsidy as a legitimate initiative to protect the United States' historic share of the oil market cuts no ice with most other Western nations, who believe that there is too big and that the American appetite must be reduced, however politically unacceptable that might be.

While François-Poncet would the big stick on the European Community's behalf, it was left to Chancellor Schmidt to apply a little balm to the bruise. The West German, with a booming economy and as far as the French about pulling a lid on the Rotterdam spot market, which they see as a ready, if expensive, source of immediate supply in emergency. For that reason,



Carter and Schmidt, suits for the business

one, Schmidt deliberately did not repeat his earlier criticisms of Carter's oil subsidies. The president was grateful and the two leaders stuck to handshakes about co-operation and free trade.

But Carter would be naive to expect such warm treatment in Tokyo. As Schmidt felt home, a powerful chorus of voices was making known its displeasure at his energetic stance and demanding tougher action. The West German daily *Abendzeitung*, *Zürcher* and Schmidt's obvious reluctance to proceed to leave take merely increased the chances of a severe assault in Tokyo. Added the *postscriptum* *Die Welt*: "We don't need a sweet sounding Jimmy and Helmut story so much as we need a decision that we are binding for both sides, and lead to real solutions."

The French were even less enchanted. The influential *Le Monde*, in Paris, said that as avid consumers of the Rotterdam spot market, the Germans were "in no position to give lessons to solidarity to their American friends." And it charged that Schmidt had been anxious to "ingratiate" himself in order to upgrade the German image following severe criticism in the U.S. about the election of Karl Carstens, with his Nazi past, to the presidency. It was clear that if Schmidt wishes to avoid a damaging split with France, to say nothing of trouble at home, he will have to toe the line.

Meanwhile, the U.S. department of energy reported last week that exports

of crude oil and refined products were above the levels of the same time a year ago, raising once again the question why there is a shortage of gasoline. A spokesman for the government answered that supports at this time last year were "artificially low" because of an earlier surge of buying to beat an increase in price. But the explanation had a hollow ring and contributed further to the widespread belief that there is no real need to curb gasoline use drastically. On Capitol Hill, the Senate turned down a proposal that would have required motorists to leave their cars home one day a week.

The weekend view from the White House, therefore, was depressing—disbursed at home and abroad alike. And, barring a last-minute patch job, Tokyo seems likely only to make things worse. William Loeferer, with correspondents' files.

## Ghost riders in the skies

**A**s tens of thousands of stranded airline passengers fretted at the "grounding of the United States' 125 DC-10 aircraft late last week, a squad of the ghost planes—empty if all but skeleton crew—were flying like so many ghost riders through the skies of southern California to remote areas for emergency use as fuel testing.

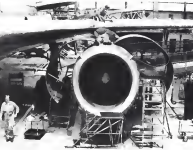
The longest grounding in airline history—most of the 250 DC-10s and

worldwide were affected—was caused by a federal judge in Washington following the DC-10 crash in Chicago last month in which 275 people died. His order, eventually accepted by the Federal Aviation Authority, stopped any DC-10 landings in the U.S. and was quickly followed by non-U.S. airlines—including Canada's *Wardair*. It was supposed to be temporary—until the manufacturers, McDonnell Douglas, could show the plane was safe. But both McDonnell and its airline customers were worried that no matter how safe their planes were eventually declared to be, too many passengers would be reluctant to fly DC-10 again.

In fact, the DC-10 has been one of the most popular and relatively safe—its record of its accidents in 3.4 million hours is above average in the aviation world today—of the wide-bodied jets. Each plane costs \$35 million and the Air Transport Association and last week the grounding was costing \$5 million a day in lost fares. About 2,000 pilots found themselves without planes to fly.

The exact cause of the May 25 crash is likely to be difficult to determine. FAA investigators pointed out that although one engine fell off that plane it should still have been able to fly on the remaining one. Why did it fall to the ground? There are indications that design faults in the hydraulic system, which operates numerous vital controls including the wing flaps, may have had something to do with it. FAA records show that the American Airlines jet had 15 service problems in the past five years and had made seven unscheduled landings because of breakdowns. At least once, an engine had caught fire.

Grounded DC-10: 'hypertical move'



Other theories involved the design of the engine-mounting in the wings—and the methods used to remove or replace the engine. That last hypothesis was put forward by McDonnell Douglas and caused a nasty spat with American Airlines. But none of the theories convinced were much consolation to the would-be passengers, many of them long-distance vacationers in the U.S. and Europe, the DC-10 being much used by charter companies. Perhaps the only group who really welcomed the grounding was a tour party of 400 people who found themselves with several extra days in Tahiti until a Pan American Boeing 747 could go to pick them up.

Operators like British Caledonian and Sir Freddie Laker, owner of the fast-price transatlantic Skytrain, were equally disappointed by the grounding. Laker called it an "hypertical move", not justified on technical grounds. But, hypocritical or not, the FAA was standing firm at work's end—and it was anyone's guess when the DC-10s would be airborne again.

Catherine Fox

## Homosexuality and the pulpit

**W**hen New York's Bishop Paul Moore ordained Ellen Marie Barrett in 1977, he plunged the Episcopal (Anglican) Church into violent controversy. Not only was Barrett a woman, she was also an avowed lesbian. Moore avoided official censure by promising to ordain as many "publicly avowed, practicing homosexuals" with a church community investigated the controversial issue. Last week, it was that task most of the Episcopal



Barrett is showing the first of 'gay rights'

hierarchy by surprise, an investigative committee delicately noted that the ranks of the ministry are suspected already to contain a number of homosexuals, and endorsed the ordination of others provided they are "able and willing to confirm their behavior to that which the church affirms."

The churchman made it clear, however, that their new approach did not signal general approval of homosexual lifestyles—either, he said, are not expected to "insure a homosexual adaptation as a generally acceptable alternative for Christians"—and were at pains also to draw the line at ordination of those "who want to 'avow' their homosexuality, join the cause, demand 'gay rights' and seek the church's blessings on their marriage." The knotty question of homosexuality and its acceptance to serve in the ministry would be left to individual dioceses, the formula adopted when the question of ordaining women priests threatened to split the U.S. Episcopalians.

The decision was welcomed by Colin Williams, dean of the Yale University Divinity School and a leading church liberal, as a "coming to terms with what people now feel is inevitable in our culture." Whether others will lightly abandon what they consider biblical prohibition on homosexuality is another matter. The movement will present its report for approval at the general church convention next September in Denver, Colorado. And traditionalists will then have to wrestle not only with their own consciences but with the possible effects of homosexual ordination on an already shrinking number of congregants. "I don't think this report is the final statement," said Williams. "This is a very troubling question."

Rita Christopher

# Setting into a suicide seat

By Roy MacGregor

In the evening of the third day following his swearing-in as Canada's first finance minister, John Crosbie is finally able to allow himself two laps of Scotch and yet another idle thought: "Mathematics," he says, eyes closed, feet on empty dais, "was always a weakness of mine." He is contemplating what he calls the first incarnation of a John Crosbie characteristic: political suicide. "I've already been minister of finance once and barely survived. I don't expect to survive long this time." The sun is low, back when Crosbie swam in Newfoundland provincial politics, was enough this time he had hoped for mercy, but when Clark held out finance, where the only thing guaranteed to go down is the minister himself, Crosbie found himself leaping quickly accepting, "I didn't campaign for it. I didn't ask for it. I didn't want it," he says. "But I'm very proud to have been offered the job three. I've no further political ambitions. I'm ready for the jump heap—wherever it comes." Well, then, was Crosbie the last contraband of all Clark's appointments? "I'm no economist," Crosbie freely admits. "I'm no expert." What he is, according to his own brother, Andrew, is "one tough son-of-a-bitch." Or, as Newfoundland Liberal leader Don Jamieson puts it, "balky, in the appropriate sense of the word."

He will need to be both if the new minister of external affairs, Flann MacDonell, is already scrambling with one Joe Clark election promise (see page 26), the path ahead for John Crosbie may soon be less hazy, backward, as saying that the letters come quickly. As Canada's one might distribute a never-ending supply of fish, Joe Clark stood near the mountains in the first days of the campaign and talked of his coming budget: \$8 billion in personal tax cuts, deductibility of mortgage interest payments and property taxes, up to \$3,000 in annual investment write-

offs for small businesses, up to \$125 million in research and development incentive, abolition of capital gains tax on shares of publicly owned Canadian companies. As one Tory said, "If I were the minister of finance, I'd give out programs to the department and go off to the south of France."

The University of Toronto's Institute for Public Analysis has said the pro-

posers after being elected in a 1976 St. John's by-election. "He is enterprising and persuasive," former Liberal cabinet minister Murray Dawson once said, "if one doesn't stop to think about it."

Beneath the halcyon look to agile and educated one (top law student in the country in 1956, graduate work at the London School of Economics). At this Thursday's cabinet meeting, Crosbie will take a rare day wonder intended to serve as the financial framework for future policy. This week he will also attend the Organization for Economic Cooperation & Development meeting in Paris. Among other matters he will discuss with U.S. Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal is the U.S. tilt toward a recession. Crosbie must decide whether Canada should roll with the punch or try to block it at the expense of further inflation. Then there is the \$1-cent dollar to consider. Although Crosbie and the floating dollar "shows there is something wrong with our economic health," it will continue to float.

Alone all, however, the first budget will not be the budget Clark dangled before giddy voters in the final days of the campaign. Though Clark said that work that he remains fully committed to all provinces, Crosbie says the only one he's committed to for his first "caution" budget is the mortgage deduction scheme. The tax cuts, he argues, are "a different matter." The budget will be a personal one, Crosbie says. "If the present government doesn't agree, then there'll be somebody else as minister of finance."

Crosbie is proud of his reputation as a fighter. "When someone goes for my family, I go for their pocketbook"—and it is this characteristic that earned him the name "Cranshell" from Newfoundland's former premier Joey Smallwood. Once here apparent to Smallwood, Crosbie switched from the Liberal party to the provincial Conservatives in 1971 to ensure Smallwood's defeat the following year. Between Smallwood's premiership and that of

Frank Miller, Crosbie held seven cabinet portfolios and, though he believes he could have succeeded Moore, he decided 10 years of provincial politics was enough. There was a cabinet guarantee from the federal Liberals, but he decided to go with Clark, the "tough little cocker."

Over the years, Crosbie showed he could not only change parties, he could change John Crosbie. Once a gliding, clear lawyer who spoke "unconsciously," Crosbie used a Dale Carnegie course and self-discipline to re-create himself as a fighter, scurvy politician. He has been called an opportunist, but, in fact, he is a political and economic pragmatist. The changes continue. Crosbie ran for his first office on the slogan, "You have a right to know." Last week he decided to abridge that slightly as the true weight of the latest offer began pushing down: "You have a right to know—If you can find out." ☐

## It's okay as long as the gas lasts

"A **dearth** of cars for gas-saving drivers are not acceptable in the editor's note." Automobiles stand ready to make on instant analysis disclosure of anyone who comes up with a genuine gas-saving invention.

"An instant malinvolence," repeats inventor Andrew MacGure "flak." During 16 years of freely work the Willowdale, Ontario, inventor might as well have been peddling snake oil instead of the Pollution Eliminator Device Air/Poll Exhaust Control (pet,

which he says boosts fuel economy and cuts pollution in gasoline engines. The skepticism that greets all mileage boosters is not unknown to MacGure. "I'm getting the same way myself. I've seen it all." But last week the skepticism became respect when he received the Richardson Medal from the Institute of Patents and Inventors in London for the best invention patented last year in the United Kingdom. The main criterion for the gold medal is the invention's usefulness to "common society." The previous award winner was Eric Donald, of England, whose "bleeding hole" device made metal fenders in aircraft and ships. Donald's telephone has been busy then before since the May 26 crash of an American Airlines 747-10 at Chicago, killing 271.

MacGure, 56, exports the pet device to be on sale in England in July and in Canada (for about \$36) by summer's end. It looks like a small plastic cone with a tube attached and purges a pulsating air stream into the base of the carburetor, improving combustion so that the engine needs about 15 per cent less gas. While he has fustled of test results, ranging from California's Brooks Racing Laboratory to a Yugoslian test fleet, his brochure promises a specific improvement. He keeps a ragged gallery of fly-by-night operators who did claim percentage improvements and, he says, "swore the seeds of distrust." Among his dates after claims it reduces exhaust pollution. Tests at Brooks Racing showed reduced hydrocarbons and no measurable carbon monoxide. Says MacGure, "We've

MacGure and his gas-saving device. He might as well have been peddling snake oil

achieved the Revolutionary Environmental Protection Agency's 1981 figures, which the industry said were impossible.

And yet there is almost paralytic mutation. The English distributor, Sevelly Electrotech Services of Manchester, plans an initial order of only 140,000 although Stately Manager of Special Products John Dyer says extensive tests on staff cars cut gas consumption by 12 to 15 per cent. In Cleveland, Dan Castillon, senior vice-president of the Perry Cap and Ret Sore Company of Cleveland, which bought MacGure's patents, says the company has spent nine years and \$50,000 testing the P.E.D. Says Castillon: "There are all kinds of crazy gas-saving things. This one actually works." Perry Cap has set up a Scarborough, Ont., subsidiary with MacGure as vice-president and licensing talks have begun with dealers in Britain, Canada, France and Yugoslavia. Discussion have also started with auto giant General Motors.

But doubters persist. At Canadian Tire, Andy Indelicat, automotive group merchandising manager, says "There have been a lot of mileage devices. Not one has survived the market." MacGure, however, maintains he has avoided the problems of other devices such as power loss and destructive high-temperature exhaust, although the P.E.D. does make a humming sound that's audible in city driving and is less economical at speeds approaching 90 m.p.h. But after 15 years of court battles when one Canadian company offered him a settlement and another tried to pirate the device, the bitterness has become sweet vindication. "Now," he says, "I'm in a position to throw my weight around a bit." Art Culbert



John Crosbie of finance. Beneath the halcyon look is a agile and educated mind

you would produce higher inflation, increasing unemployment, soaring corporate profits and an increased deficit. Fortunately for Crosbie, he has a large sense of humor. Tired of the Newfoundland sailing debate, he one rose in the House of Commons to propose that Canada answer France's ban of hays and fens by banning imported French wine because the grapes had been crushed. That staid image of the Liberal's economic record made the wealthy, 61-year-old Crosbie an instant Ottawa



MacGure and his gas-saving device. He might as well have been peddling snake oil

# What's about to flow could just as easily be juices of creativity or the bile of conflict

By Rodenick McQueen

**L**ike flashes of lightning from a biologicist's lab, the shape of the new Clark government's economic plans is beginning to show. As with any big bet, the premise is simple: for a time, the economy won't be rebuilt. While previous economic forecasts are as impossible as utopia, Ottawa's attitude to the economy and business climate is causing loss at first sight. If there is trouble ahead, the challenge between business and government, it will come from the different views of the assembled economic players.

The cabinet trunks, opened last week, included Minister of Finance John Crosbie, Minister of Economic Development and Trade Robert René de Cotret and Treasury Board President Sinclair Stevens. As they beat politics into practice, what flows in the cabinet room could just as easily be the juices of creativity or the bile of conflict.

Defeated candidate de Cotret's entry to the cabinet through the Senate has made him about as popular as a jumpstart. The 42-year-old Rhodes-scholarship-winning economist who says now spend your war out of trouble, de Cotret, 55, has been advising Clark since he was chairman of the Commission for Canada and Clark was minister for the industry. It was de Cotret who whispered the magic words "structural deficit" into Clark's shell-like ear, raising apocalyptic explanations of broad language like tussling with the malleable but finally cautious Newfoundland, John Crosbie, to whom, until now, economic plans have been but musings to be jotted. Then there's Stevens, 52, who Billy would have preferred finance, but is now cast as Credit Hound Luke with a civil service freeze announced last week and a schedule hovering over the \$22-billion annual budget.

Aiding nerve is the rightward move are three other junior ministers: Perrin Beatty, 42, the youngest in cabinet, is minister of state (Treasury Board) and a third-generation member of an Ontario family working-midsize firm. His reports through Stevens, looking at de

regulation and sunset laws. De Cotret's two include Mike Wilson, 44, owner of a George Hein trade in house medicine, and a former executive vice-president of Dominion Securities Ltd., who is minister of state for international trade and will lead toward lower tariffs and freer trade. And Ron Horsting, 58, the roughneck minister of state for small business and industry, who has built four still-thriving West Coast businesses himself. It's a talented haul—despite the minority environment is quite unlike Diefenbaker's 1957 win-



Then, the kitty was full and largesse could be spread with full and even hands. The new majority, although created at a time when industry's capital spending plans long being reined upward and business confidence in near its peak, comes loaded down with a very reneiged \$11-billion deficit.

The task now is to select the level of economic stimulus needed to offset the expected U.S. recession as well as launch the public services who are actually reneiging tax revenues to the Clark government. Certain to be included in a November budget is the popular mortgage interest deduction program. Likely, too, are tax credits on research and development as well as small business investment and the abolition of capital gains tax on shares in Canadian corporations. Already in doubt, however, is the proposed \$2 billion in personal income tax cuts, pending a review of the books. Crosbie began to leave last week, although Clark knows the value to a new govern-

ment of decisive, early symbols. But perhaps the new Ottawa ideology is, in fact, just a lively and more lasting version of the Liberals' destined clutch at restraint and less intervention. While it was optimistic that three 10 per cent of corporate cash executive offices to say they would vote Conservative, today more motive of the new government brings optimism in business circles. With stock markets setting value and bond records, the low after shaping up between business and government may be so strong that swift embrace could become embarrassing self-censorship.

Business will applaud the Tory plan to continue with a floating dollar and attacks on trade deficits while looking to edge interest rates downward, but one lower's spot will be about Petro-Canada. At the government of agency, roles are reversed. The industry wants Petro-Canada kept intact because it enjoys sharing exploration risk with the government, but Clark remains deadly serious about winning it down. The pace may be political but the process will be pragmatic. Trustees began studying Petro-Canada options in late summer, followed by an October speech from the throne and the November budget, to stimulate consumer demand. In December, about 100 members of the federal and various provincial governments, civil servants, business and labor representatives will meet to discuss an industrial strategy meant to offer the private sector clear rules and public policy stability.

Grand plans, great hopes. There is chance for success, as with all new administrations, in the winds of fresh thought. But it is also the newly exercised power of the previously disempowered. The new government will achieve the most for Canada not when it stops listening to others, but when it starts listening to itself, allowing a few vital ideas to rub against one another, thus firing economic activity. Meanwhile, as new hearts join the old hands, Ottawa has, once again, become a town for the yearning.



# Tracking the continents from an ice cube

**T**he stark landscape of ice that rides the Arctic Ocean seems a far place not to be. Ocean currents and swirling polar winds combine in pulling massive chunks of ice apart, revealing black "islands" of ice water, then send them crashing and tumbling back together with stunning booms and roars. But it is in this alien world, just north of Canada, that American and Soviet academic expeditions have been trooping the waters. Canadian scientists have gone along with them, but not until this summer has there been a solely Canadian-planned and -managed expedition. And not only is it a first, but this year's mission is also the largest expedition ever mounted to the pole.

Beginning in February, the first of some 300 scientists has been researching the polar continental shelf, and in all, about 160 projects will be conducted on various Arctic islands. But the scientists are especially excited about one far more remote undertaking. Out on a huge plate of ice, more than 500 miles north of Alert, N.W.T., the northernmost settlement in the Arctic, perches an ancient Loran. From that camp, and two others 40 miles away, a team of 30 scientists are studying the Lomonosov Ridge, a mountain range deep in the blackness some 300 feet below their camp. "We will use all the geological knowledge we have to unlock the mysteries of the formation of the Arctic basin," says chief scientist, Dr. Hans Weber, a veteran of 38 years of Arctic research and exploration. "We think the Lomonosov Ridge is a clue to the formation of the Arctic Ocean."

Very little is known about the small, ice-covered basin, which apparently acts as the pivot point for the slow continental drifting of the northern hemisphere's major "plates"—slabs of the earth's crust that carry Siberia, Greenland and North America. The basin's formation is a major scientific puzzle. Did those great plates slowly tear away from one another to form the Arctic basin? Could they have drifted into their present configuration over the course of millions of years, slowly forming the basin with their northern edges?

By focusing their two-month study on the Lomonosov Ridge, the 10,000-foot high range that bisects the basin, the team hopes to find not only clues to the basin's formation, but more about the

forces that shape continents. The working hypothesis behind the 14-sold expeditions is that the ridge was once a solid part of the Siberian polar continental shelf, much as South America and Africa are thought to have once been joined. A secondary formation, the Nansen-Gakkel Ridge—which may be an extension of the mid-Atlantic ridge—may be moving, and pushing the Lomonosov Ridge further from the Siberian shelf. The puzzle seems to fit, in theory, at least.

But the Canadian team believes it may now have gone beyond mere theory. Core samples taken on the American side of the ridge—the side which would have faced the Arctic Ocean before the ridge split away and began its journey—show deposits of beach sands and

Schweyer under ice: a fine place not to be



shells of water-hell fragments. In one tract, core samples taken from the ridge's Karasua side contain only typical ocean floor sediments. Before proof that Siberian samples of the ridge will not be available until after months of careful working, few beach sands may have been raised in with sun, so when melted and deposited its cache over the ridge. But the scientists are speculating that they have the proof needed to unlock a corner of the Arctic basin's mysteries.

Dr. Weber hopes the evidence will be sufficiently persuasive to shake enough dollars out of the department of energy, mines and resources' coffers for a second look at the basin in 1988. But it's not just the scientific fascination which up Dr. Weber on "Canadians always tug along—why the hell can't we take the lead?" The 41-Buffington trip on the Loran grade only seem steep, but it didn't bother (Governor-General) Edward Schreyer, who stopped at the station just long enough to take a dive under the ice, and in comment. "The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have spent a great deal of time and effort on Arctic research. It's only fitting that Canada, which has the second largest polar frontier, develop comprehensive research."

Karl Hinkle





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Behavior

## It isn't easy down on the farm

**T**hese city folk, the life of a farmer—for all its heavy lifting—seems remarkably free of stress, no snap—in short, a fine way to make a living without risking an accident or three-hour lunches to make it through the day.

But people who know better rank that myth beside the theory that the earth is as flat as a wheat field. For, despite the bulk of the wide-open spaces, farming—whether on a vast prairie wheat operation or on a 100-acre dairy farm—very often carries a crushing load of risk and debt, and the resulting stress is playing havoc with the health and happiness of farmers and their families.

That was the conclusion of a recent series of seminars and workshops organized by Alberta's 17,000-member Women of Uffertown—a women's auxiliary of the United Farmers of Alberta. Farmwives from across the province set out to identify and learn about this harvest of worry, worry, stress, reliance on alcohol and drugs, and discouraging families. The seeds of this light began with a financial investment, for land, equipment and buildings that can easily exceed \$200,000 for a prime prairie farmer. But for farmers of any sort, market uncertainties, expenses in the weather, a shortage of workers, and fast-rising competition for land have made

farming one of the most stomach-busting occupations there is. (The U.S. National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health ranks farming in the top 10 per cent of 120 high-stress jobs.)

Stress, in fact, increases the number of farming accidents, which usually occur when farmers rush their work to take advantage of breaks in the weather. A farmer going all out to get the crop in, or off, while worried about his banker, the price of fertilizer and three sick cows, can easily make a simple misjudgment that puts him beneath the wheels of a tractor. In 1977, the last year for which provincial statistics are available, almost 40 accidents were recorded each month on Alberta farms alone. From 1960 to 1977, an average of two people every month.

And although the Alberta province found no revolutions in coping with stress, the farmwives found some relief in knowing that "their neighbors were probably in the same shape, and taking tranquillizers to get through as well," says Uffertown President Linda Jensen. "Now we say: Hey, you got problems and they're still managing!" With the problem out in the open, the same perspective that helped farmers survive pestilence, drought and foreclosed mortgages will no doubt ease their struggle with the latest affliction.

Wayne Skuse

## Press Gone Straight

**A**fter 19 turbulent years as leader of the left-hand counter-culture, Vancouver's Giorgio Strought has folded. Publisher Dan McLeod, Canada's low-cost answer to Rolling Stone's Joni Werner, has replaced the country's oldest and longest running "underground" newspaper with the suitably middle-of-the-road Vancouver Free Press.

At its height, in the heady days of 1967's "summer of love," the Strought sold 65,000 copies an issue. Close to 1,000 long-haired, shock-rock street vendors took to the beaches and Stanley Park, peddling the Strought, free love and the Revolution. As busy as 100 a night would sleep on the floors of the paper's dingy downtown offices, leaving their passports as deposit for the Stroughts they took to sleep by day. The money from sales was kept in a bag in the door and staff helped themselves to what they needed.

But gradually the youthful allure of love's endorphins, and with it went the Strought's circulation. By the early '80s the paper, riddled with local left politics and local sex ads, had dropped to 7,000 readers.

McLeod was all set to close his hobby-happy leftover last fall when the city's two dailies, the Star and Province, went on strike and sent advertisements surging for new outlets. The Strought made dramatic gains. Advertising income increased by 200 per cent, and sales jumped from 13,000 to 20,000. But the stigma attached to the old name dashed McLeod's hopes of selling 50,000 copies a week, so finally it was decided to kill the Strought and go for the higher circulation.

The new weekly will be a more broadly based news and entertainment paper, adding sports and fashion departments to the old mainstays of music and pop culture. The end will come when the dailies return, possibly this month some time.

McLeod is confident his Free Press will be able to attract and hold new readers, but what of the old? The interview with the Pope—in the first issue—may shake them, but they can take some small comfort in knowing that the number in which the new paper's name was chosen is right out of the decade of dope. "The numerology was right," asserts McLeod, an honours graduate in mathematics. "It's got good power and success numbers" Far out.

John Musters

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# Home is where you're able to park it

**M**obile homes—those used as principal residences rather than recreational vehicles—have not been objects of desire for most Canadians shopping for a house. There is a prejudice against such dwellings, which seems to be based on an idea that mobile homes are little better than shabby shacks filled with ruminants more ready to stink washing from your dishcloths than to settle down as responsible community residents. This prejudice has been reflected in municipal policy across Canada, as when trailer parks have been confined to city outskirts lest they spoil conventional property values, and—as it sometimes seems—lest the air-de-will-o'-wheats infect and corrupt more solid citizens.

Manufacturers have tried to change the image, stressing that mobile homes are as well constructed and insulated as regular homes, and that their inhabitants often live there by choice. They have even renamed their trade association in Ottawa—formerly the Canadian Mobile Home Association—to the Canadian Manufactured Housing Institute.

Boys Nena Schmidt, 35, who lived for

two years in Calgary's Rockview Trailer Park before moving to a bungalow in the wake of an eviction order from the owner, who wanted to build condominiums on the site. "Most councillors have real-estate interests and they see mobile homes as a threat, so legislate against them. The idea persists that their residents are poor and we have to get across the idea that this is a mobile housing alternative. A nice mobile home—that's really a mini-mansion—might cost \$48,000 to \$58,000 on a serviced lot compared to \$70,000 for a conventional home. I think more and more young couples are going to look seriously at them."

Schmidt surveyed 200 mobile-home residents in southern Alberta and found that less than one per cent lived on TTC or welfare, the average family income was \$22,000 (above average), owners had fewer children than the national average, and only about five per cent worked in downtown areas.

Apart from prejudice, those opting for the mobile-home lifestyle face problems of financing and buying a lot. The first problem may be solved soon if other provinces adopt legislation just approved in Manitoba: *Is Mobile Home*



Old-fashioned trailer park in Toronto area, (below), modern development near Calgary working to change the image

Loan Guarantee Program will provide life-insurance loan guarantees up to \$40,000 with purchasers paying interest just one per cent above commercial rates. In the past, lenders have usually only advanced chattel loans at rates of about 15 per cent. Down payments have been large and repayment periods short—five to 12 years. The Manitoba scheme will allow repayments over 25 years on new homes, 20 years on used ones.

The CMHI theoretically recognizes permanently placed mobile homes as mortgageable property. The Alberta government does too, but only if they're on land owned by the resident or on long-term lease (usually rare in Canada, since municipalities legislate against it).

Most trailer parks are on interim-use land, and owners live with the threat of eviction if the owner decides to sell or develop. (That regulations don't specify a maximum period either, says Don Yosh, director of the Canadian Manufactured Housing Institute and vice-president of Triple E Canada Ltd., a Windsor, Manitoba, mobile-home maker. "Most lenders still fear the mobile homes. Bankers are conservative and the sight of wheels makes them nervous. They think, if I give a mortgage on that thing the owner might drive off into the night.")

Adds Brian Wragham, assistant to the general manager of the Canadian Manufactured Housing Institute: "The public is prejudiced and you can't blame them. Too many trailer-park owners have exploited their tenants, making a fast buck and refusing to invest in services and maintenance. What we need now are sincere developers who'll put together good packages and develop

well-managed, esthetically pleasing residential areas."

Such developments may be on the horizon. Herb Dubowitz, secretary of the Manitoba Housing and Renewal Corporation, says that seven developers are seriously looking at the creation of mobile-home subdivisions now that home financing is easier. A few enlightened towns, such as Nanaimo, near Calgary, have welcomed mobile-home owners, even selling them lots. Dave and Mary-Anne Houston bought such a lot two years ago for \$5,700, and because they owned the land they were able to get an 11-per-cent mortgage. "If you own the property you can build up equity," says Mrs. Houston, 33. Our income was always too high for us to get substandard housing, but too low for us to get a mortgage. The mobile home was a good answer. It's easy to maintain, efficient in space and we don't have the problems of a cluttered basement. The disadvantage is prejudice. When I tried to put an ad in *The Calgary Herald* and they realized where I lived they insisted on cash before publication. If I'd lived in an apartment they would have just billed me."

Manufacturers agree that easier financing will increase house sales, and once Joe Clark's mortgage interest deductibility plan is being viewed as a harbinger of another jump in real-estate prices, more and more couples, lured out of conventional markets, are likely to start taking a closer look at mobiles, at least as a stepping stone to more solid things. Alberta, Ontario, Saskatchewan and B.C. are studying Manitoba's loan guarantee program and mobile-home owners are slowly throwing off their pariah image. Says Herb Dubowitz of Manitoba Housing and Renewal Corporation: "It's time we recognized that some people actually choose this form of accommodation over others." **Peter Carlyle/Press**



Every great Bloody Mary has a silent partner.



## A woman's place

When word of a speech given in Toronto last month by Dr Margaret Fulton, the convalescent president of Mount Saint Vincent University, trickled back to her native campus in a suburb of Halifax, male faculty members and students were at first appalled.

**WOMAN FASCINIST** PROVES ON MEN, shared one headline. The Canadian Press report of her address at the University of Toronto quoted her as complaining that Mount Saint Vincent now accepts male students—"I'm and to say"—and wondering aloud if any of the Mount's 66 male faculty members (out of a total of 154) was seriously harassing female students. "The story was very garbled and sensationalized," Dr Fulton later said, and although the tempest has since abated, she admits she is still ambivalent about the place of men in Canada's only university established for women (Founded in 1853 by the Sisters of Charity because Halifax's Jesuit-controlled St. Mary's University refused to accept female students, the Mount finally went co-ed in 1971. But even today, almost 50 per cent of the 3,200 students are women.)

"All I have been saying," she argues, "is that I think there is a place in this country for a university devoted primarily to the education of women. The so-called co-educational institutions are in fact male-dominated. They reinforce the stereotypes that men are superior and that women should be submissive. A women's university, on the other hand, provides the kind of support system that enable a woman to develop her whole personality."

Dr Fulton backs up her argument with the results of surveys done in the United States, where there is a strong tradition of women's colleges and universities. "In a Radcliffe study," she says, "it was shown that women at women's colleges did better academically than those who attended co-ed universities. It has also been demonstrated that twice as many of the women in the US who have become successful in careers had attended women's colleges."

Further, Dr Fulton has seen at firsthand the male-dominated system as it exists at the University of British Columbia. "I learned very quickly that you



had to be twice as good as a man to get the same job." On arriving at MSC as dean of women in 1974, she was appalled to find that some of the female lecturers who had taught her as an MA student in the 1950s had not changed a single rung of the academic ladder in the intervening years. "Some of them had better qualifications than the younger men who moved up ahead of them but, because they were women in a male-dominated institution, they were bypassed for promotion."

In her four years at MSC, Dr Fulton helped establish a women's academic association that "just made it their job to explode that system," and pressed for job evaluations that helped improve the position of many female faculty members. She left the Mount (sent for the presidency of Mount Saint Vincent in 1978 because, she says, she had become convinced of the need for a real women's university and because she was aware that a number of men had applied for the job).

"The pendulum has swung back from the '60s," she says. "Many women, who once believed that opening up Harvard to women was what liberation was all about, now realize that, as a result of

Fulton, youngsters in Mount's childhood development centre still understand about men in university end up for women

the push for co-education, we have lost some very good things. I think that what we now offer at the Mount—a university with a strong emphasis on human development and a woman's perspective—will give young women an opportunity to develop themselves that they can't get at a co-ed institution."

Ironically, Dr Fulton did much of her developing far from universities. Born in 1925 on a farm in Bellefleur, Manitoba, "I never even went near a university until I was in my 30s, and I never thought in all those years to even question the idea of male authority." Between public-school teaching jobs in the '50s and '60s, she slugged away at a BA, an MA, and finally earned her doctorate in English literature from the University of Toronto at age 46.

Now, despite her defence of the women's university, she is quick to point out that even at Mount Saint Vincent, years of consultation will not easily be enough. For the incoming president of the student council—as was the only other candidate in the race—in male

Stephen Kimber



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## Books

### Literary mastodons tusk to tusk

THE NABOKOV-WILSON LETTERS 1940-1971  
Compiled by Susan Karkulsky  
(Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$19.95)

"Dear Volodya"/"Dear Benny" from the outpouring greetings in this volume of letters (1940-1971) between Vladimir Nabokov and Edmund Wilson. It was a literary correspondence, with bursts of stabs at affection. In 1940, Nabokov arrived in America, as far as anyone knew an unpromised casualty of the October Revolution who had under his belt a few Russian novels and stories such as vague in design circles in Paris and Berlin. Promptly from Vermont ("Gold-erred and wild, mostly") he wrote to Wilson, then what we might label as of American culture. Wilson deigned to respond ("Dear Nabokov").

So grew the alliance, mostly back business at the outset, with the well-connected Wilson acting as particularly agent for the green Nabokov—saying, that is to say, without a cut. The cuts (if the unkindest kind imaginable) would come later. After Nabokov's initial politeness, and Wilson's guffness, the personalities began to rub and their territory. Wilson, the gossip-mongering, subtle insinuator on the rubrics of slave trade while frowning at the (more) charged selection of Volodya's English. Nabokov sketches wiseacre butterflies beneath his signature on letters railing with polyglot poems and puns, anagrams, elaborate puns of prose. In these good old days, they bared like diamonds. Volodya to Wilson "I have hundreds of hundreds to do before we leave for Utah" Benny to Nabokov "We are absolutely counting on you for Thanksgiving. To let us down would be atrocious, because we are going to order a turkey of a size based on the assumption that you will be here." Thousands of words on English versus Russian prosody are, once again, exchanged, with Wilson, deigned to graciously, trying to pin down the formula, while Nabokov shrugs like a globe flicked onto a gridline, leaving off frisky satirists of thought.

The men were, on the whole, well-matched—in their reckless mudflood, in the breadth of their reading and in the quality of detail they summon. Not



Nabokov with his wife Vera and (right) Wilson, from *Mastodons to Unkindred Tusk*

their styles were incompatible. Wilson had an intellect, with attendant ideology, Nabokov had a code. The sad and inevitable clash came in *The New York Review of Books* in 1968, when their letters had become an infrequent and perfunctory as Christmas cards from insurance agents. Wilson savaged Nabokov's many-toned translation of Pushkin's *King Lear* (a project that they had long disapproved of as a solemn intellectual partnership, in highly personal terms Nabokov replied, ruffled but honorable. The small-grained vendetta bred, ever currier, over more dishevelled. A gap in the correspondence lasted until 1971, when, in a final exchange of a letter each, Nabokov swallowed his pride by writing first: "It was such a pleasure to feel again the warmth of your many kindnesses the various thrills of our friendship. Please believe that I have long since ceased to bear you a grudge for your incomprehensible incomprehensibility of Pushkin's and Nabokov's *Genius*."

(By the way, the editor is very thorough in glossing Russian, French and more source phrases chosen into the text, but very sluggish about explaining circumstances and injuries between the letters, were a Wilsonian anecdote than a Nabokovian art.) Wilson snapped back:

"I am covering my errors in *Recess* is my guess on Nabokov-Pushkin, but citing a few more of your imitations... I had a slight stroke, which makes it rather difficult to use my right hand."

They were both great, beyond the dreams of arrogance Nabokov shoulder delicate loads at Dostoevsky, Henry James, Faulkner, at all, which leads to no wonder (if tolerance is not the spirit) that Nabokov's genius. But, then again, Wilson had nothing good to say about John (Neither did he then with Mary McCarthy, who later was to chart the process of Nabokov's much more interesting *Pale Fire*). These letters, read slowly and between the lines, reveal many a caution against dogmatism and a pride worthy of Lear, but, reading them, one feels nothing as satisfying as simple irony, but only about himself. They were there, and this routine proved too dry for both. Neither Victorian nor Victorian, they found it best to drift apart.

Bill MacVicar

### Prosaic restraint on poetic licence

BRIGHT GLASS OF MEMORY  
by Douglas LePan  
(McClelland/Hillman, \$19.95)

Bright Glass has no place in the world of Douglas LePan. These four unrelated reflections will disappoint devotees of the "and-thus-the-said-come" school of memoir writing, and quickly turn off anybody looking for something good to read.

LePan is currently finishing his multifaceted career in the town of brick ponds at Massey College as a professor of English at the University of Toronto. Though hardly a household name, LePan has ended the career of the great in his role as adviser on army education to General Andrew McNaughton during World War II, first secretary to the Canadian High Commission in London and as an active participant in the establishment of the Colombo Plan to foster economic development in South and Southeast Asia. He also holds the unique distinction of having won the Governor-General's Award twice, having written just three books of poetry and fiction.

LePan's military service under McNaughton ("the most remarkable Canadian of my experience"), his ex-

withers with T.8. Elliot and John Maynard Keynes during the war, and the Columbo. Plan meetings in the early '50s are the subjects of these memoirs. Their tone is uniformly urbane, deferential and flat, more suited to Oxfordshire sherry party ebullience than to a session of telling all at an afternoon session. The finest personal portrait is, in fact, an incidental one of the novelist and painter Wyndham Lewis entering a bilious wartime exile in Toronto and embarrassing colonial dinner parties with his crypto-fascist views of politics and art. Selfish LePan to himself at one of these. "Who among us is really being the more provincial tonight?" Who indeed?

LePan lives because LePan reacted to him with more than just boring old admiration and respect—an emotional spark in starkish which otherwise is totally absent. How could the author of this book ever have written poetry? LePan has no intention of telling, and has become to read all insights into his creative life leaves the reader with dim reflections on the shortcomings of private history. **Mark Carnevali**

## Ride 'em cowboy into the past

DEPRADGES  
by Ron Hansen  
punch-drunk issue of Canada \$11.75

I turned the leather book on my wife and shouted, "For pay attention to this machine, not I am not a kind of food in your chin that I'll rip your face off like it was only a smiling with carbons." Agreed and, "Oh, come now, Bennett!"

I became fashionable, sometime in the '60s, to punch ugly holes in our childhood dreams and to tear away at the myth that once sustained us. Legends—Billy the Kid and Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok and John Wesley Hardin—were rubbed between soft, professional hands and let fall in piles of alliteration dust.

But if the "real" American Old West lacked the solidity and civility Hollywood gave it, even if Hickok was a nocturnal transvestite and Earp a Mexican park-bouncer and young William Bonney a mental defective, was that any excuse for lynching our illusions? We were the Randolph Scott generation and we tried to live by his code, and now, to whom do our children look for their ethical hand? Lawrence and Stan-

ley Tony Messers? The Pines? Even if Depravages had nothing else going for it, it would still have great value in that it restores the Old West to its rightful place among the world's mythologies. Ron Hansen, a Randolph Scottie if ever there was one, because young Bennett Dalton, only 20 when the gang was shot to pieces during the famous double-bank robbery in Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1892. Despite a bullet-shattered shoulder and hip, and 38 big shotgun pellets in his back, Bennett survived Coffeyville (four other gang members, including his brothers Bob and Gray, did not) and well into the '30s. In 1937 he returned to Coffeyville a fated hero, along with his wife, Julia, a childlike sweetheart who had stuck with him through his outlaw days and the 44 years he spent in prison.

Hansen/Messers, in a language rich with metaphor—at times a little too rich, if you're looking for criminals of Depravages—draws Remington-like pictures of time and place and the men and women who created it, and who were, in turn, created by it. It is a true story, lovingly researched by a good novel-

list, and while Hansen of course was not there, and Bennett Dalton has a certain biased view, it rings with authenticity in fact and manner.

Every grey-haired, potbellied kid who ever strapped on his cap rats and rode with the Dalton Gang of his mind will understand these things. Validation: our truth was truer than that of the revisionists. **John Gault**



Red and Bert Dalton, dead or dying in the arms of the law, his going (from left) Gratton, Bob, Bill Powers, Emmett, the scene of the Coffeyville shoot-out, the shell of Jackson

## The quality of mercy strained

THE BACK ROOM  
by Ann Copeland  
O'Brien \$19.95

THIS is the kind of gentle book it's easy for a reviewer to disparage, may be for a reader to overlook. Most of its eight stories have a quiet, whimsical, worried, middle-aged air. There's nothing brash, sexy or spectacular Ann Copeland's men and women would never make headlines. They would never need to make headlines, even in the local papers of the Maritimes or New England. Mild, frigid, Catholic, these characters tremble with a quiet desperation. They're like neighbors who move away from us before we ever know them, soon we remember only the outlines of a face.

The Back Room is saved from oblivion by Ann Copeland's understanding of buried feelings and her discreet control of language. Almost all the action takes place indoors, and as detail is added to detail, a story can start to resemble a painting of an interior—even a still life. A dose of realism, irony and poetry, "measured" through days in which some rendition of fighting might throw his form into relief against the backdrop of someone else's world, but left unceremoniously shifted and the shadow sheak or disappointed, leaving an ambiguous servant of the public. Copeland is good at evoking the inner lives of unattractive people, those who devote themselves to the care of parents, children, demented. But lives tend to be ragged, and Copeland sometimes bruises her own work by tying the stories up so cleverly it takes in a meagre substitute for victory.

Copeland, a former nun, ventures far beyond the convent setting of her first collection of stories. At Peace, and the new subjects of her attention—a saleswoman, a great-aunt, an old grandfather, a nurse—are generally viewed with charity. Yet the jewel of the book is a chilling, bitter tale of a priest for whose human beings are a miserable annoyance. "He felt utterly removed. Neither pity nor compassion stirred within him for the distraught man before him, only a kind of clinical curiosity." The ice and fire in this story, Misconception, point up the strict limits imposed by the benign and level tone Copeland usually adopts. Even in print, her characters whisper their privacy past the Back Room doors, and they retreat, out of your mind. Misconception is memorable because of its cold passion; perhaps Ann Copeland would be a memorable writer if she weren't such a charitable woman. **Mark Abley**

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# High up in the realm of the quantum-rich

WRITER HILLS  
Directed by William Richert

**T**here are the rich, the very rich and the super-rich. Then there's the quantum-rich—a minuscule segment of society so rich its wealth can't be measured and is, instead, a matter for pure mathematics. They don't even know how much money they have. *Winter Kills*, adapted from the novel by Richard Condon (*The Manchurian Candidate*), is about that kind of wealth, and the psychosis in free enterprise that inspires it. It's a stunning, nastily playful, audaciously assured movie.

Legal tangles kept it on the shelf for two years. Not surprisingly, it points nearly every theory behind the JFK assassination. Nick Kegan (Jeff

Bridges), the slain President Kegan's brother, gets a lead on his brother's death 18 years later and is pulled into an incredibly complex series of intrigues. Everyone, from the CIA to the FBI to the underworld to a Hollywood studio, is implicated. Nick's all-powerful father (John Huston), a beleaguered tycoon, lives miles high away from the rest of the world. His own just about everything. His empire stretches from hospitals and airlines to the CIA itself. ("They smuggle my cigars from Havana.") Information is his power, in New York, Condon (Anthony Perkins), a Dr. Strangelove character, rules over Kegan's nerve centre—a giant, super-sophisticated communications network with lines on everything that moves. Director Richert, who also did the screenplay, runs our noses in the outrageous opulence of it all, showing how money can perpetrate itself into a spine-beyond comprehension, at the same

time generating an impenetrable political machine in Robert's meticulous, exciting rendering of Condon's demanding plot, wheels turn within wheels, no-strands and chintiness abound, and a menagerie of mystery is constructed. The viewer—the ordinary citizen—shares Nick's baptism by fire into the drama of duplicity.

Winter Kills is black and cynical, without kindness for either the titans, or the snails like Nick. Nick's mother (Dorothy Malone), a lush with unshared hysterical, smother her small dog in a drunken stupor while Kegan keeps her prisoner in his Kansas out west. Everything in the movie is dislocated, removed from the "real world"; every native is weird. Nick talks to his shady girl-friend (Belinda Bauer) through a recording device. A millionaire (Sterling Hayden) whom he visits plays war games with real tanks for his own amusement. Nick gets further and further embroiled until he becomes lost in the web of power.

Richert never lets the plot fly off its orbit and he keeps the movie densely textured. He's steeped in movies, too, his drawing upon all the movie's sources—Citizen Kane, *Strangelove*, the film noir of Fritz Lang from the '30s, the early Bond movies, the high-class-trash melodramas of Douglas

Huston (top left), Bridges and Huston (top right), Bridges and Foster (bottom left) and Perkins, the bulging grand of a private jet



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Birk, John Boorman's *Point Blank*—enriches the material. Vilmos Zsigmond (*The Deer Hunter*) has shot the works in lush and alternately starkly contrasting tones, the one (by Robert Boyle) deliver you with the beauty of splendor. Robert doesn't play with movie conventions, he uses them as ammo, and *Winter Kills* rushes along with the bulging grace of a private jet.

The acting is superbly soaked. Jeff Bridges, perhaps the most natural actor on the screen, doesn't betray Nick's naivete—you never once catch him acting. Huston is disarmingly funny as the absurdly affable Kagan. "Why do you think I got him [the ex-president] his job? To review the [James Earl] Ray?" Leading Nick some Texas backwoods, he advises, "Don't lose them. They have a sentimental value." The rest of the actors—Malone, Perkins, Bauer, Ralph Becker, Richard Boone and, in a more cameo as a Washington rancher, Lászlo Tóth—make impressions as indelible as fingerprints in wet cement.

*Winter Kills* bristles with energy, passion and style—the purest movie to beat them all. A great, big, shiny black joke. And one of the best movies you're likely to see this year.

Lawrence O'Toole

## Immodest proposal from a new Swift

DAWN OF THE DEAD  
Directed by George A. Romero

There has never been anything quite like it. That much can be said. *Dawn of the Dead*, George Romero's sequel to his 1968 cult blockbuster, *Night of the Living Dead*, outdistances all the vistas of violence whipped up by the crackpot action directors who came into their own in the last decade or so. In the living color seen projected by schlock movies of the past, the visualizations of violence go beyond mere savagery: Imaginings a corpse is decapitated by a helicopter blade, another's head is sent flying in pieces across a room by a blast from a shotgun, an axe cleaves a brain, a dripping mouth sinks into an arm, dragging shreds of tissue away with its hands tear at a stomach, open it, and lift up the spoils. We're shown sights we spend most of our lives avoiding at all costs. It is stomach-churning, it is disgusting and it is brilliantly done.

The moral issue addressing itself to anyone capable of sitting through all this (see New York critic left after 15 minutes) is how far this kind of thing should go. But the images of disgust are purposeful—it's satire with a Swiftian touch, and the greatest outbursts go all the

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### Here and now

There are a lot of good reasons why Canada should choose the F-16 as its new fighter aircraft. The best reason is the F-16 is here and now. In production in service. International.



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# Cutting fine glass at Shaw

The formula just might be working at this year's Shaw Festival. G.B.S.'s *You Never Can Tell* and *Dear Luce*, a dramatization of letters between Shaw and his favorite actress, combine for class, glossy control. However, not all reflections cut so fine a figure, proof positive of that being Evelyn Williams' *The Corsi & Gioia*, which certainly lives up to its name. Still, Niagara-on-the-Lake's festival (it runs until September 16) is off to a winning start.

*You Never Can Tell*, George Bernard Shaw's self-confessed parable, is perfect lightweight Shaw, lightly served by a prodigious cast tossed it into some substance with just the right amount of Shavian conviction. Plus, a necessary evil for Shaw, isn't easily estimated from this wonderful web of character and wit. But the wove, all color and spontaneity, is very deliberately worked. And depending on your angle of vision, you might respond to several theses. Fantasy in the 19th century; the atmosphere of seaside resorts, reminiscent to Minkler, or (slightly



more serious) the collection of family life, the damage caused by repressed feelings, liberated women and marriage under false pretenses, and, finally, the insistent nobility of the servant class. Something for everyone.

The basic situation is propitious, though it works like a charm. Rather, played with stately naturalism by Mary Bouvier, leaves her husband for 18 years to raise their children (twenty-two Philip and Dolly) and the glorious Gioia with books on various kinds of modern emancipation. The family's return to England occasions the conventional appearance of one blustering damaged father (Gillie Fenwick) and a sailor for the ungainly comely eldest daughter. These two male additions also happen to be quarrelsome landlaid and brenn, patient and distant. The disharmony is orchestrated into a lone lion of crossed purposes and mixed identities, smoothly conducted by William the water. Although played too reverently by festival director Leslie Yoo, he glides opportunely about with appropriate coarseness and confidence, posturing inevitable expletives.

The pursuit of Gioia by the goddess Valentine goes naturally, engages the Shavian ingredients of male-female confrontations. Gioia, victim of an emotionally unweaned life, struts and

poses until she trips over her own thoroughly unattractive, education. Jansen Valentine's Valentine awakes the young woman at her own game, goading Shaw with great fear and affection. Ignoring real individuality in an already octagonously ventriloquist play. The twins, more predictably rebuffed by Mary Bouvier and Christopher Goss, are nonetheless rib-ticking. They have some shattering lust, and Tony van Breda's direction is particularly clever in setting them on stage like a couple of puppets, popping during the final scenes of unraveling relationships. A delicate, delightful balance. A little truth, a little poetry, a lot of fun.

The star performer of *Dear Luce*, Jerome Kilby's adaptation of the correspondence between Shaw and Miss Patrick Curragh, in language—Shaw's first and great love. Shaw's verbal virtuosity defines the love, and thanks to Douglas Campbell's energetic direction, they aren't for a moment static. They talk to each other, words galvanizing the lines onstage. Their conversation over the years amounts to an act of love—theatrical, passionate, revealing. We see it as both bond and division between difficult friends. During their fierce battle over publication, she coolly admits she can neither sell nor purchase, can write in his mind-boggling paragraphs.

What she can do, however, is talk—with the grace of a true original. A vigorous woman of good humor and honesty, actress Pat Galloway's Mrs. Put is every bit Shaw's match. Ragged and worn in real life, dark hair pulled up by her hands, she astutely tracks ironic observations for each of Shaw's heated outbursts. Colin Peck's G.B.S. is all angular animation, his body somehow the absurd appendage of an overactive mind: nervous, restless, gently.

The play's highlights (and there are many) are broken, painful or merely petty. During the height of their infatuation, Shaw meets an foolishly and hardly as Valentine in *You Never Can Tell*. Their professional differences absorb them totally, but they labor and bicker only for love. When she marries, he searches for a Higgins in her inevitable Eliza in *Pigmalion*, blithely admitting: "All I ask is to have my own way in everything." He calls her a veteran of the theatre, to which she retorts: "I won't be a day over 30. I do have a daughter 28, but what of it? It happens in life all the time." There are moments of mutual comprehension: his mother dies, he has a killed in the war, one or the other falls ill or experiences. Even so, liberating laughter and creative common sense abound. (His sister is the wasteful sacrifice of sons in war in that women should stop having them.)

Emily Williams' 30s drama, *The Corsi & Gioia*, very strictly speaking a piece by one of Shaw's contemporaries, is refreshingly remote from his time. Even good melodrama is moving in this splendid rendition, directed by Leslie Yoo. This story of a Welsh manning led in the 1880s brought to industrial mightiness by a middle-aged, spinster English teacher has had glowing treatment in the past, its plots being role. Miss Muffet, taken on by Sybil Sandridge, Ethel Barrymore, Bette Davis and Katherine Hepburn. Mary Savidge's crumb, downer woman is kind enough, noble to a fault, but completely unending. Even though the legs deny it, the relationship between Muffet and her wife, Jerry, is a model of Morgan. Even after Muffet is a part of someone's potential that, especially in a 19th-century, demands expression. His inevitable rebellion against her condition, outrage (inspired only as my best about time and money spent, Muffet's lively experience in Oxford cannot reduce one faltering business response.

If a director insists on choosing a play that proves to be dated, he must at least have his women against the prevailing zeitgeist so that there is tension, a striving for redemption.

Really, at this festival, what's Williams to Shaw?

Patricia Kerney Smith

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## Has 24 Sussex been checked for termites and things that go bump in the night?

By Alan Fotheringham

In Ottawa, the town where the taste buds went out to lunch and have never returned, there are so few decent restaurants that one does not blow the cover of the best one. It is presided over by a lady who is as broad as her husband and she roared this night—it being the day when Joe Clark was sworn in as prime minister—at the sudden mention of spending their new ministerial salaries. "Kiss a pecking bird,"



and Drive will now be labelled Whoa and Here. What has Canada done for the International Year of the Child? It started Joe Clark. And so on. There is the problem of the drink, which involved the inaugural day Garden Party at Stornoway and was pursued by a Mountie and his patrol. The Clarks were having their problems at Stornoway in their final days. The gardeners, because of a death in the family, had to move to tend the foliage, there was something wrong with the pipes and the slunk lurked under the house. Perhaps it's the

same as long as he can regain the Clark club seats at some position superior to principal secretary Bill North who is rumored to put bookish on his white pumps whenever he has to appear at a formal affair in the evening.

There is the surprise at continually standing apart former members of the PMO (ie Trudeau) staff who haven't ventured out among the unwashed since Bryce Mackenzie rolled his own. Several of them have even perfected an otherwise respectable imitation of common people, dining on sandwiches and beer at the refurbished Press Club, which now has a decor resembling the runway at Omaha International Airport.

There is 80-year-old John Deffenbacher, sworn in for the 13th time and under the new, non-friendly regime finally moved out of his corner hideaway and established in comfort in a suite of offices in the Centre Block. It seems, he says, nothing with glow. "For the first time in my life I can look down on the Robson Club."

In 1909, when he was 16, he was fascinated by Admiral Peary's conquest of the North Pole. His plans for 1979 are to stand on the North Pole and travel to China in September.

Did you hear the one about the Newfie finance minister? A reporter says Clark's first press conference felt like a church supper meeting about to be addressed by an earnest young curate. The PM plows himself into the ground and demands Peary tag mistake out of the books. And, best of all, a misanthrope crawled into the electrical system of the Chilean Lamer just before lunch, short-circuiting the great stone pile. Which means the massive iron-work portals that guard the entrance to the basement gym room cannot be opened and mandarin dispatches for their marionette, halt their plastron title bodies against the stubborn gate, deprived of the fuel that gets them through the afternoon. The town trudges to a stop, fueled by a misanthrope. It snows how fits. This was the week when it was



FRANK CLARKE  
BUSH PILON

reason why Mr. Trudeau's office received the call asking whether 24 Sussex had been checked for termites, enemy crawlers and things that go bump in the night.

Essentially, an overlay of uncertain rectitude made the transfer of power a 40-year anti-climacter. The proceedings had the panache of a three-hour dental appointment and a visitor from Washington, accustomed to an air of celebration with the arrival of a new government, had he'd found more phum in a rural town on sacred Saturday. Perhaps it is the Tory foreboding over the ghost of Lowell Murray gone. The invisible Minister, architect of the Clark victory, disappeared into a New Brunswick fishing hole almost before the last ballot box was stuffed and was last seen blinking prettily in Cape Breton. He has a mind as agile as a housekiss and it is felt among the devout thinkers here that his humility, as famous as it is, will prevent him from returning to this swamp-hole of ex-

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There is black humor in this city of grey roads. How the towels at 24 Sus-

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